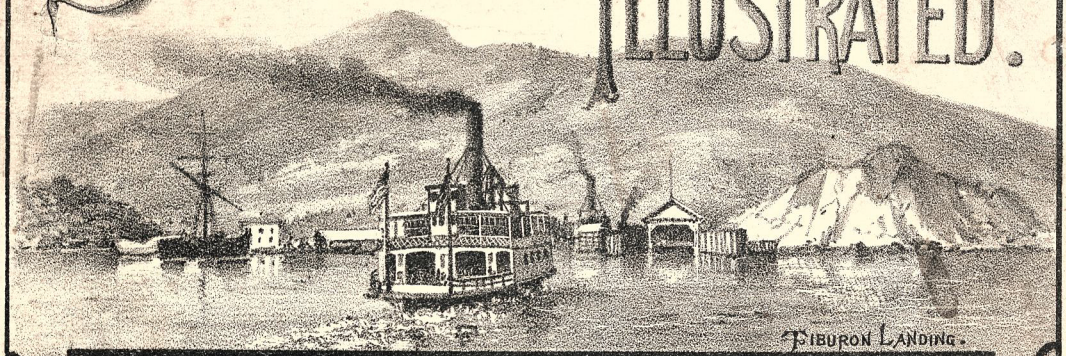
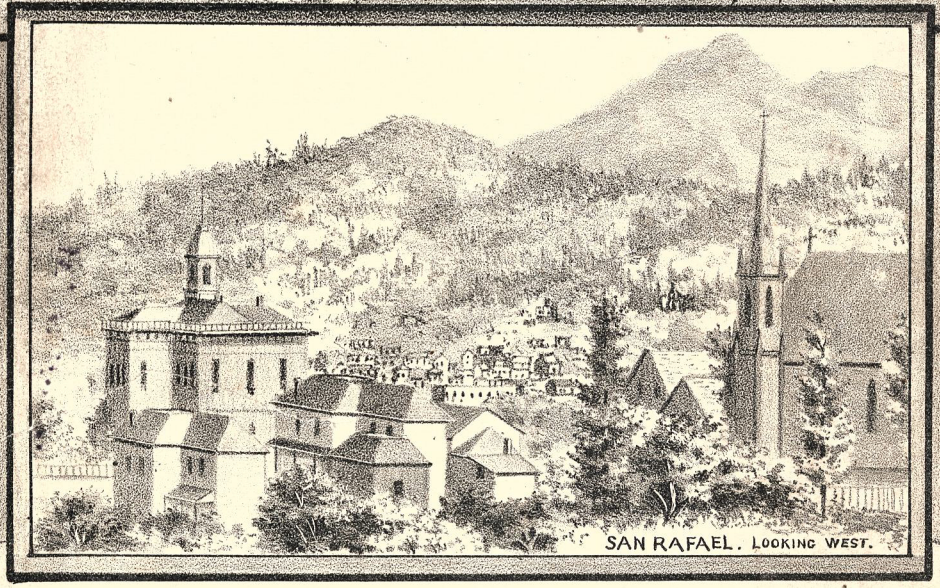
SAN RAFAEL ILLUSTRATED.

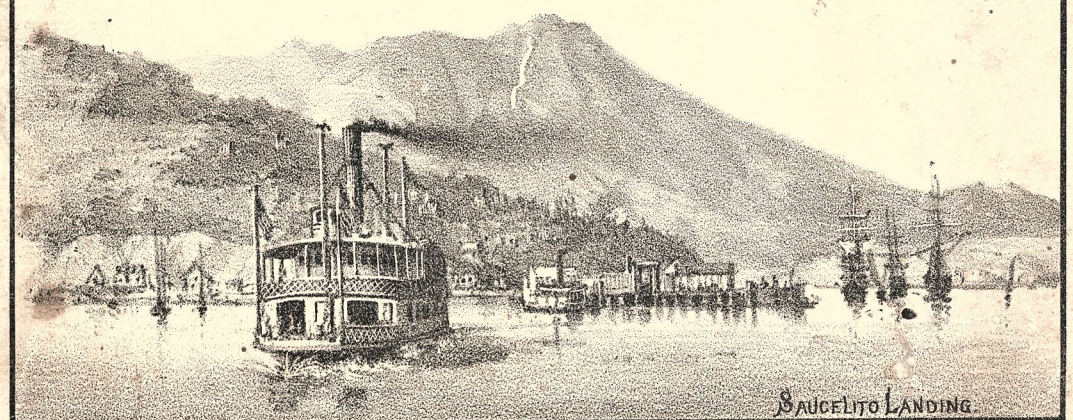
W. F. Jones.



TIBURON LANDING.



SAN RAFAEL. LOOKING WEST.



SAUCELITO LANDING.

LITHOGRAPHED & PUBLISHED BY W. W. ELLIOTT & CO. 421 MONT. ST. S. F.

1884

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SAN RAFAEL

ILLUSTRATED

— AND —

DESCRIBED,

SHOWING ITS

ADVANTAGES

— FOR —

HOMES.

LITHOGRAPHED AND PUBLISHED BY

W. W. ELLIOTT & CO.,

OAKLAND AND SAN FRANCISCO.

1884.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE.

Albion House 35
Bellevue Hotel 55
Barstow S. F. Residence 14
Bank Building 55
Business House of S. A. Kiler 51
Central Hotel 18
Century Plant 17
Coleman W. T. Residence 40
Court House 3
Cheda G. Residence 55
Churches of San Rafael ..... Cover
Central San Rafael ..... "
Cactus of San Rafael 58
Depot of S. F. and N. P. Railroad 28
Golden Gate from Steamer 13
Interior View of Depot 27
Laurel Grove 40
Miller W. J., Residence 11
Mayer L & Co.'s Store 55
Magnolia Park 40
Miller's Real Estate Office 49
New England Villa 22
Nursery of R. J. Trumbull 47
Office of S. H. Kiler 51
O'Conner's Hotel 55
Planing Mill of I. Shaver 34
Point Tiburon Landing ..... Cover
Property of S. H. Kiler 51
Ross Valley 43
School House 55
Section of San Rafael 9
Short's Tire Fastener 57
San Rafael from Laurel Grove 7
Saucelito Landing ..... Cover
Scenes on the North Pacific Coast Railroad 43
San Anselmo Valley 43
Sims Mrs. B. M., Residence 31
Tiburon Landing ..... Cover
Tocsin Office 55
Trumbull's Nursery 47
View in Lagunitas Cañon 37
Winter Scene in San Rafael 21
West View of Depot 28

LIST OF ARTICLES.

PAGE.

A Lovely Village 5
A Land of Novelties 9
An Attractive Spot 49
Albion House 54
Bay Scenery 16
Bellevue House 57
Churches of San Rafael 45
Court House 54
Climates Compared 18, 25, 33
Central Hotel 54
Difference in Temperature 25
Drives about San Rafael 41
Dufficy M. C. Hotel 54
Exquisite Views of San Rafael 10
Evening in San Rafael 42
First House in San Rafael 58
Fruit Culture 49
How to reach San Rafael 5
Kiler S. H., Contractor 57
Magnolia Valley 38
Mount Tamalpais 14
Mayer & Co.'s Store 57
Miller W. J., Real Estate 49
Manufacturing, San Rafael 57
New England Villa 54
New Railroads 26
North Pacific Coast Railroad 30
Oranges and Lemons 53
Pure Mountain Water 45
Picturesque Scenery 26
Picnic Grounds 26
Popular Route to San Rafael 46
Public Schools 54
Suburban Arcadia 6
Situation of San Rafael 1
San Rafael and Southern California Compared 22
Surroundings of San Rafael 21
Shaver's Planing Mills 57
San Francisco & North Pacific Railroad 30
The New Route 5
Temperature Table 25
Trumbull's Nursery 49
The Scenic Route 50
Views of Tamalpais 10
Why San Rafael is Liked 14

EXPLANATORY.

The object of this work has been to furnish reliable information about a favored locality that has been little advertised. Its inhabitants have settled down to a quiet life, relying upon the superior advantages they enjoyed. But, in this day of advertising, it will not do to repose and rest upon supposed superiority. The world must be informed. Multitudes in the East would escape from the heat and cold and storms and floods. While such severe weather has prevailed in the East and Northwest, San Rafael winters are the pleasantest part of the year; cool mornings and evenings, with clear, bright days, warm and balmy; "December is as pleasant as May." There are thousands who are longing for just such homes of health and comfort, amid sunshine and fruit and flowers. Our articles descriptive of San Rafael advantages are selected from the most competent sources of information.

All the lithograph illustrations are new and made expressly for this work from sketches made and executed by Mr. Chris. Jorgensen, late a teacher in the San Francisco Art School.

The publishers, Elliott & Co., lithographers, make a specialty of getting up illustrated descriptive works, keeping artists and engravers adapted to this line of work constantly employed.

W. F. Jones.

SAN RAFAEL,

CALIFORNIA.

ILLUSTRATED AND DESCRIBED.

SITUATION OF SAN RAFAEL.

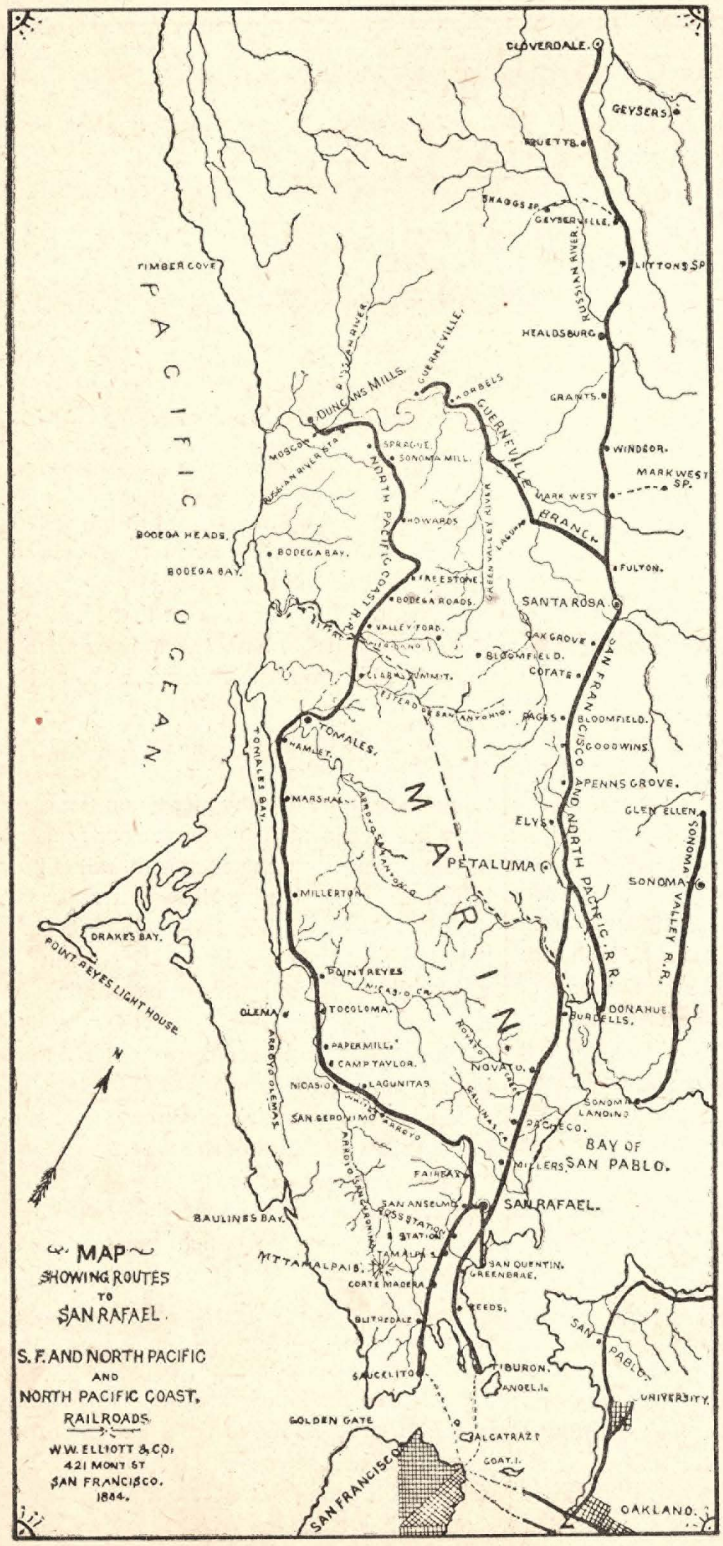
SAN RAFAEL is about fourteen miles from San Francisco, in a northwesterly direction. It looks out upon the upper end of San Francisco Bay, just before you reach the narrows which separate that sheet of water from San Pablo Bay. It stands back from the water about two miles, in a valley fenced around by high hills on all sides, except towards the water, as noted. The water is to the eastward or a little to the south of east, whilst the prevailing summer winds are from the opposite direction. Hence the high hills behind us are barriers to break the force of the sharp blasts that rush across the peninsula of San Francisco. Understand that these barriers are right up to us, and many handsome mansions and picturesque cottages nestle on their sides, or in their sheltered coves.

From towards Tomales the summer winds come, broken in their course, and retarded and dessicated by one set of hills and mountains after another for twenty-five miles, until when they get to us they are no longer recognizable as the coast north-wester, with its chilling harshness and saturating moisture. This wind passes the Golden Gate as through a funnel, being closely confined to its channel by Tamalpais, which guards us to the southwest. It leads directly across San Francisco, strikes the high hills opposite, and is deflected up the bay with tremendous velocity. But it strikes far in the front and away from us, and the attraction of the hot Sacramento Valley is so great that it sweeps past, leaving us to bask in sunny calm and warmth, whilst our neighbors shiver under its penetrating influence. This accounts for our remarkable summer climate.

In winter we have rains, but it does not rain all the time by any means; on the contrary it is frequently so dry that our farmers become fearful that not enough will fall to insure a crop. During the greater part o the time we have but little wind, or only light breezes. We are open to the southerly winds, which, though they bring us rain, are otherwise not disagreeable; as they are not harsh or raw. It is a fact to be noted that we have no southerly winds except the rain-producing storms, which on an average blow far less than one-third of the time.

The other two-thirds usually being weather so fine as to be utterly beyond description—weather in which you love to linger in the sun and watch the vessels flitting by, or note the outlines of the hills or the far-away blue mountains.

The population of the place is about 2,500. The buildings are mostly new and tasteful, which, added to the situation of the place amidst exquisite scenery, strikes the visitor with wonder that so much beauty should be comparatively unknown and



unappreciated. Keep in mind always, as you attempt to mentally compass this marvelous beauty, that the climate is as healthful as any on the globe. Free from the least trace of malaria, and miasma, and so antagonistic to epidemic disease that scarlet fever, the scourge of some countries, yield to treatment as easily as measles. This is one of the reasons why persons with delicate children should seek this locality as a place of residence. With an abundance of room, and ample opportunities for outdoor exercise, with a climate not too hot nor too cold, children will grow up strong and robust, and above and beyond the attacking point of disease.

A LOVELY VILLAGE.

SAN FRANCISCO EVENING "POST."

SAN RAFAEL, since the opening of the Point Tiburon line, has made a renewed offer for public favor. A great advantage of visiting these places is that the ride across the bay freshens one up and invigorates the system. This lovely village is surrounded by most

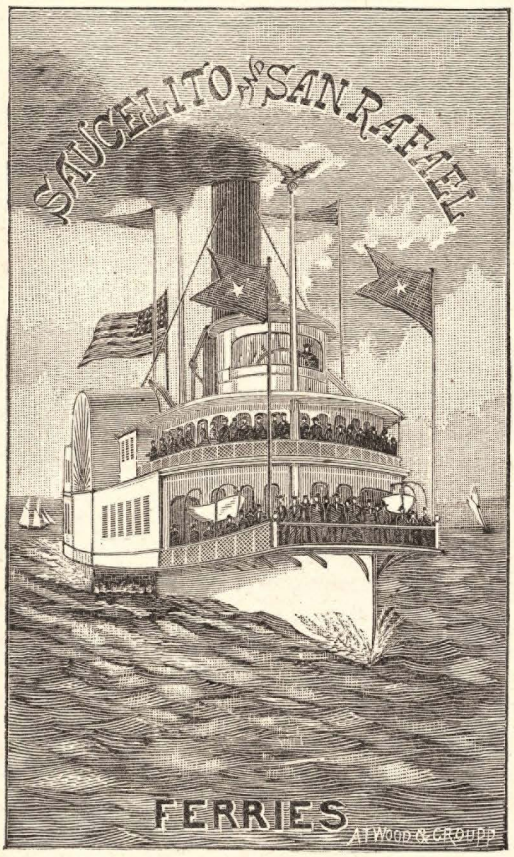
W.W. ELLIOTT & CO. LITH. S.F.

COURT-HOUSE, SAN RAFAEL.

beautiful scenery in the shape of hills and dales, pretty little nooks and shady bowers. It is alike adapted for the lone pedestrian, happy lovers and picnic parties. With every facility for enjoyment it is one of the most popular of our suburban resorts.

HOW TO REACH SAN RAFAEL.

STEAMERS leave San Francisco at frequent hours for San Rafael. There are now two ferry routes. The N. P. Coast Railroad is the pioneer line, the for-



mal opening of which took place January 7, 1875. The company have lately spent a good deal of money in straightening the road from their landing at Saucelito, by constructing a tunnel and thus reducing the distance and time. From Saucelito the route touches Richardson's Bay; through the tunnel to the beautiful valley of Corte Madera, thence on, skirting the base of Mount Tamalpais and through the Ross Valley and San Anselmo Valley, where numbers of elegant mansions and pretty cottages are perched in commanding positions, in whichever direction the vision penetrates, and the scene presented is a never-ending panorama of rural charms, heightened, if possible, by every accessory of art.

THE NEW ROUTE.

BY the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad. This company's steamers leave the ferry often during the day and connect with the train at Tiburon Point. Here the hills have been leveled to provide a place for car-sheds, depot and offices. In the landing bulkhead and ferry slip 1,280 piles have been driven, and half a million feet of lumber used.

The track skirts the bay for some distance and then enters the first tunnel, 600 feet long, at a place three miles from the landing. From there it passes over trestle-work, 800 feet in length, and at four miles from Tiburon encounters the second tunnel, 1,850 feet in extent, and, like the first, braced with stout redwood timbers. Where the track leaves the second tunnel it crosses the marsh in sight of San Quentin Point and Prison. Here the road-bed has been a source of annoyance to the engineers, as it has repeatedly sunk until at least fifty feet high of embankment, gradually laid on, has settled to what is now hard pan. A trestle-work is also passed here, 800 feet in length. The bridge over Corte Madera Creek has a draw of ninety feet.

The third tunnel of 1,097 feet in length, is cut through strata of hard blue basalt rock, alternating with softer of the same kind—the latter kind only being supported by timbers. The new road is nine miles in length, and all cuts and fillings, and has been difficult and costly work. In spite of its serpentine and hilly path, it is nowhere more than fifty-four feet above tide water.

BAY SCENERY.

BAY scenery along either route is varied and beautiful as you skirt along the wharves and shipping in the city. Steaming along you pass in review tiers upon tiers of frame buildings, crowning the hills of San Francisco. Away northward is the bright vista of San Pablo Bay; on the left the frowning guns of Alcatraz. The long roll of the steamer tells us we are crossing the incoming swells from the Pacific as it rushes through the Golden Gate. Ahead of us is the cloud-capped Tamalpais, 2,608 feet high, and on the distant right is the bold summit of Diablo, 3,800 feet. Swift as a deer goes the steamer, leaving Angel Island, with its quarries and deep green glens, its soldiers' quarters and little chapel under the bluff at our right. In rapid succession we pass Arch Rock, Racoon Straits, Red Rock and many interesting views. This trip for variety of scenery, combining, as it does, views of city, forts, island, shipping and ocean, can be exceeded nowhere.

A SUBURBAN ARCADIA.

FROM "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

WE set out to speak of San Rafael as one of the choicest of suburban homes, and lest you may think we are prejudiced unduly in favor of this particular place, we will tell you frankly how we came to write about it at all.

Knowing that Wm. T. Coleman had large property interests in this place, and that his lands were in the market, and somewhat extensively advertised, and that at least one sale of public lands had been made, we sought Mr. Coleman and inquired concerning this particular property and this particular place called San Rafael. He said at once that the best way was to go and see it, and learn the facts desired by personal experience, and to this end courteously invited us to be his guest for a portion of a business day, and he would show us what was possible to see within the limited time. We accepted the invitation, and in company with Mr. Coleman left San Francisco on the steamer *Saucelito* for San Rafael.

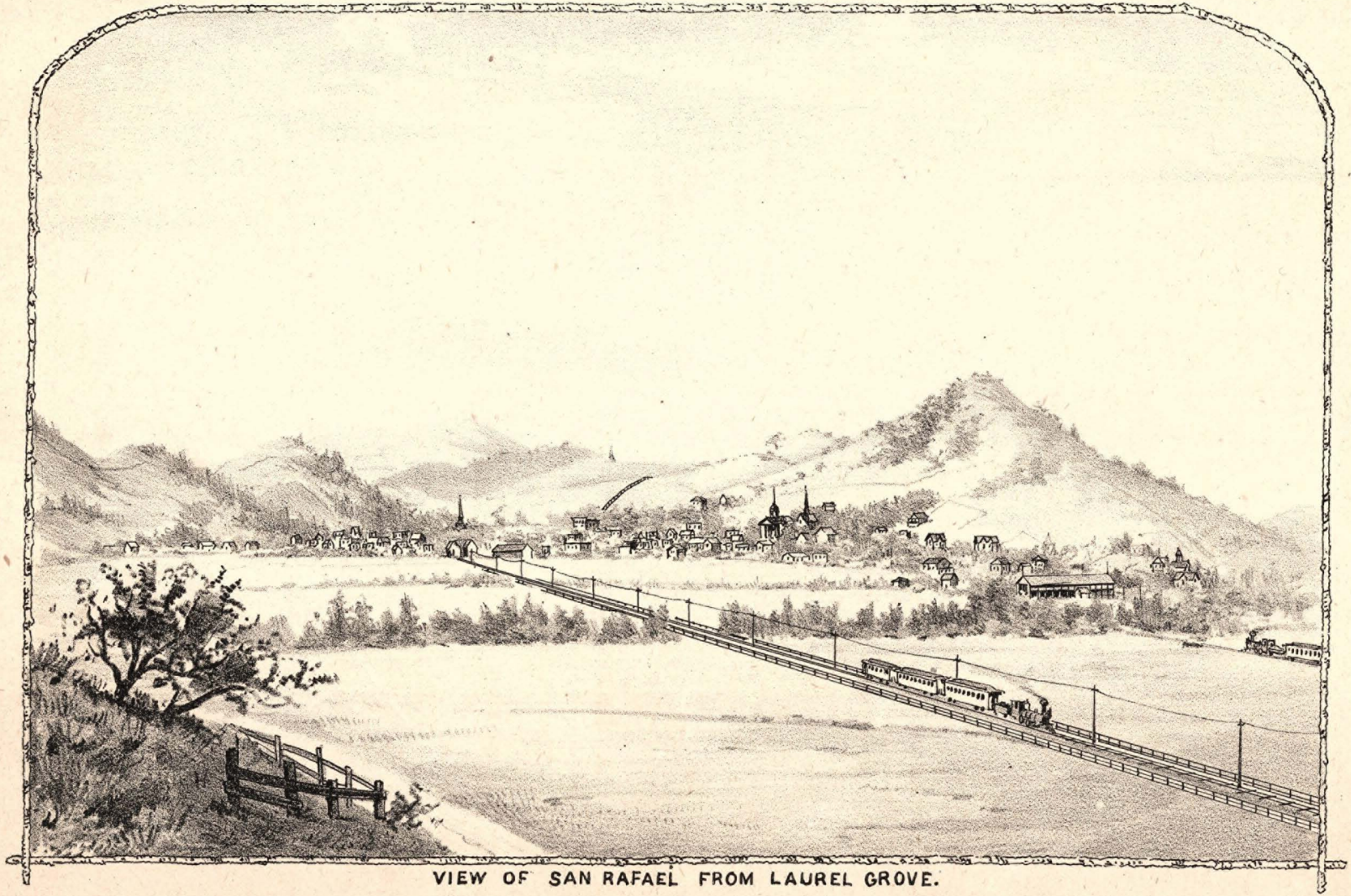
"Look," he said, "and observe that San Rafael lies nestled in these hills, in a horse-shoe form, with an outlook on San Pablo Bay. On three sides it is completely surrounded by high hills, and protected on the wind side by Mount Tamalpais and adjacent foot-hills. The fog-laden winds which are so trying in San Francisco, must, to reach us, travel over a peninsula twenty-five miles long, absorbing the heat as it travels, and then climb hills at least five hundred feet high, and by that time the most persistent fog that ever tried shrieking nerves has entirely lost its character, and changed to the gauzy haze which you observe."

"But step into my carriage," he continued, "and let us take a look at the highways and by-ways of San Rafael." And so behind a pleasant team we started on our tour of inspection. To say that the growth of San Rafael and the character of its residences surprised us, is to put it mildly. We were not prepared for such a change in the place from the time when we had a slight acquaintance with it.

According to its size, the number of its population and its age, it contains more beautiful residences than any place in California. There is evidence on every hand of wealth, culture, taste and refinement. In the residence portion there are no shabby or tumble-down places, but everywhere most beautiful homes, with lawns, and clambering vines, and a wealth of roses and choice flowers and neat fences that make a picture fascinating to look at.

This is the home of a considerable number of our wealthy men of business, who take their families in summer, at least, and renew their youth and vigor amid these beautiful surroundings.

It is evident that Mr. Coleman has spent large sums of money in improving and beautifying a naturally beautiful tract of land.



VIEW OF SAN RAFAEL FROM LAUREL GROVE.

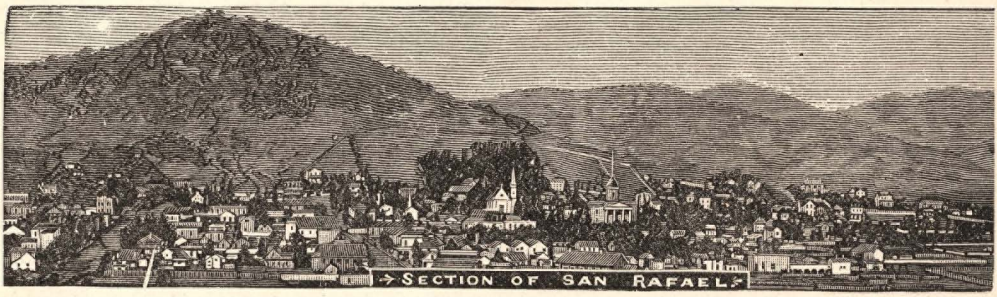
He has laid out fine roads everywhere, so that every portion is easily accessible by a horse and phaeton. He has planted trees in unsightly cañons, until they are now things of beauty. He has terraced barren hill-sides, and planted them with grapes of choicest varieties, and in one place was a young orchard of orange and lemon trees looking vigorous and thrifty. At every turn of the road one is treated with a view of a picture framed in by the hills, such as Bierstadt never painted. There is such an infinite variety of beauty it is simply amazing to a stranger that it is not better appreciated. At each fresh revelation of beauty, we expressed our pleasure and gladness.

But the man who can afford the time and who has little or much means, and expects more, could not possibly go wrong by purchasing a home in San Rafael. We could write and write in detail, but it would look like an advertisement, which this is not.

Go, yourself, and prove the truth of what we have written about a beautiful suburban place.

A LAND OF NOVELTIES.

IN San Rafael, the climate, water, soil, and products have their own peculiar character. Climate and seasons are unlike anything known in the Eastern States. The



SECTION OF SAN RAFAEL.

Take it all in all San Rafael affords more delightful residence sites than any other place in California with which we are acquainted, and we have traveled over a goodly portion of the State. These places are comparatively cheap now, but they will not remain so for any great length of time. There is not a surplus of such places in the vicinity of San Francisco, and they will be eagerly sought for at no distant day.

The society of the place is of the highest order, the schools are good, and the system of water works is not inferior to any. It is accessible by two lines of travel, and frequent trips are made during the day. To those in search of a suburban home at a moderate price, we shall be doing a favor by calling attention to San Rafael. At present, it is not a good place for a laboring man who is obliged to work eight or ten hours of the day, and perhaps never will be. farmer needs to learn his trade over again when he comes here. Owing to these many differences it is hard for a stranger to obtain a full and satisfactory account of the country.

A stranger immigrating to California from the Eastern States, must discard former impressions received from reading, or hearing reports from others, and accept only those received from his own personal observation. Impressions prevail that California is peopled by "fugitives from justice" from all over the world, men bankrupt in business, men wild and reckless in morals, and who ask no favors of society, and are no benefit to it. The facts are that places like San Rafael are exceeded in morals and uprightness of its people by no Eastern village of its size.

Fruits, soil, and altitude, railroad and market facilities, pure mountain water, and

well-kept and beautiful places, sightly location, giving a combination of varied and beautiful mountain, hill, and valley scenery, with views of the ocean; proximity to San Francisco being neither too near nor too remote; good educational advantages; its good, refined, and agreeable society; its temperate, moral, peace-loving, sociable, and intelligent people; the mild, dry, and equable climate, with its pure and fresh air; freedom from malaria, fevers, high winds, sand-storms, and extreme heat.

EXQUISITE VIEWS OF SAN RAFAEL.

BY AN OLD RESIDENT.

TAMALPAIS presents as many fine pictures as any mountain in the world. Standing in Ross' Valley you have a view not excelled anywhere. This view has been painted by Bierstadt, and is regarded as one of his finest works. Before you in the immediate foreground is a most beautiful valley, ending a mile or more away at the foot of a sharp, steep ridge, five or six hundred feet high, and thickly set with giant redwood trees. This ridge extends as it were across the view, and forms a splendid foreground to Tamalpais, which looms up behind, a great triple-headed ribbed giant. You can sit here and watch this picture by the hour and see new beauties. Every changing cloud throws a different shadow, and every new sun glint gives another light. We have heard it compared to some celebrated views in the Tyrol. Possibly there may be some there equal to it, but we doubt it.

From San Rafael, the view of Tamalpais, though not quite equal to the above, is so fine that no words are equal to the description. Photographs remind you more of imaginary scenes than reality. Picturesque houses and woods, studding a hill-side, form another foreground to a Tamalpais picture, which even old residents are continually pausing to admire. San Rafael from the south is a third view, the like of which few persons are permitted to behold. You look down from a high ridge upon the beautiful village, and its handsome villas perched here and there in protected nooks or on sunny hill-sides.

From San Rafael the marine view is exquisite. The bay lies in front, on which water crafts are always passing, "their white sails gleaming out in the east," the islands and the high hills on the Contra Costa side forming a fine background. Think of having this picture to the left and Tamalpais to the right.

VIEWS OF TAMALPAIS.

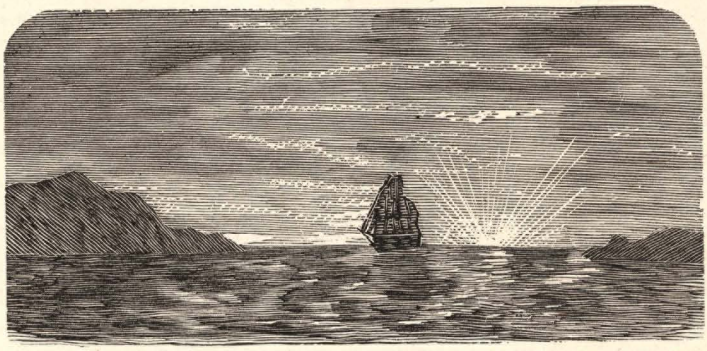
BY G. W. GIFT.

APPROACHING the Golden Gate or coming upon the bay, one will see Tamalpais (Tam-al-pice) standing like a grim sentinel, guarding the entrance to the sea-port of California. Far off at sea the mariner beholds this peak, and the traveler by land is continually seeing new beauties in its profile as he observes it from different aspects. The ascent of Tamalpais is made from San Rafael in two hours, and without any great degree of fatigue. A recent writer has described the panorama from the summit, which we incorporate; we were on the ridge, and turning to the left were astonished to see the pole of the coast survey signal by which we knew that we were on the summit, 2,600 feet above the sea. We had been just an hour from Lagunitas. A dozen steps brought us into the regular trail, but not desiring to look until we got to the tip-top we jogged on to the signal station. Dismounting and loosening the girths, we turn to view the great panorama at our feet. The first thing which attracts us is a scene in the immediate neighborhood of Point Bonita, the north pillar of the Golden Gate. There, just at our feet almost, a contest is going on in a little bit of water, between eight or nine toy vessels, some are square rigged and some are fore and afters. They all have their heads pointed inwards, but

RESIDENCE OF W. J. MILLER, N. E. COR. OF 5TH & B STS SAN RAFAEL.

ELLIOTT, LITH.

with a slight wind and a head tide seem to be standing still. "*Can* those be real ships and schooners?" we say; "*Can* that be real surf on the beach for miles south of the Cliff House? *Can* that be the Cliff House?" We rub our eyes and conclude to go round the horizon with the sun. That great table before us is the Pacific Ocean, calm and serene, but his bosom heaving with never ceasing swells. Those are odd looking birds! No, they are outward bound vessels. And there is a black object, not as big as a lizzard, which has its head to the northwest; that is a propellor. Look beyond and we see the Farallones miles away, but so near, apparently. Outside of them twenty or thirty miles a heavy fog bank skirts the horizon. And what are those cliffs, which stand up so boldly a little to the north of west, and that long narrow sheet of water extending into the country just back of them? Point Reyes is one and the other is Tomales Bay.



THE GOLDEN GATE FROM THE STEAMER.

Just before us, looking towards Tomales, is an immense grove of redwoods, many thousands of acres in extent. Still turn and you see far away in the northwest a broad summit rounded off on the eastern side. That is St. Helena, and a little to the right, but a much nearer neighbor, is Donahue. And still further to the right comes Vallejo, spread over many hills; Suisun Bay and the marshes appear beyond Vallejo. The Brothers, and Red Rock, look as if they were beautifully delineated on a map. A little to the right and we have Mount Diablo, no longer a big double-headed potato hill, but a real monarch, a king amongst kings. His sides look more corrugated from aloft, and he is generally more grand and majestic. Swing again and Berkeley comes in line, the two colleges and the asylum being quite near. Further, and Oakland gleams within our vision; and there also is Goat Island, looking like a sleeping horse, the body lying towards San Francisco, the head and neck towards Contra Costa. Here we experience a disappointment, for haze and smoke hang over the bay beyond Goat Island, and partly obscure the metropolis. We are not able to identify particular localities, but see only a great number of whitish houses covering the different hills. A big ocean steamer is outward bound, and is just passing Alcatraz, and tugs and ferry boats smoke in front of the city.

Below is San Rafael and surroundings, by far the prettiest of all the pictures. From where we sat it is about four miles to the Court House on an air line, and yet it seemed not a mile, not as far as you think it is from the ridge south of town. Every house, great and small, could be identified. It reminded us of a very fine photograph on a rather large scale. One more picture we must mention, that is the Lagunitas. Nothing can excel the beauty of this glistening, shining little gem nestling in the hills beneath us.

This little lake of pure clear water is made from the springs and rills that rise in the sides of Tamalpais, and supplies San Rafael.

MOUNT TAMALPAIS.

BY MARIA E. SUTHERLAND.

We climb our loved Tamalpais, rugged and steep,
And light o'er the sage, as the deer let us sweep.
We laugh at all obstacles, we have no fear;
On! on! my brave pony, the summit is near.
At last we have mounted his grey rocky crest,
All breathless and panting, awhile we will rest.
The morning is fine; fast away rolls the mist.
This scene of enchantment, what heart could resist!
At our feet the Pacific, on whose wrinkled old face
One homeward-bound steamer is traveling apace;
Bravely and speedily, toward the broad Gate
Where loved ones her coming so anxiously 'wait.
Countless sails o'er the water, like huge seabirds fly,
To all points of the compass the tiny barks hie.
I follow their flight—like birds on the wing—
And lift up my voice with the fishers, and sing.
On my right a miniature world is unrolled,
All the glories of Nature spread out, and unfold;
Tiny forests and valleys, and green rolling hills,
Spreading plains, murmuring streamlets and gay dancing rills,
In sunshine of amber, and soft viel-like shade,
As if for my pleasure, at my humble feet laid.
My love for these mountains no language can tell,
Whose shade o'er my dwelling since infancy fell.
I love thee, proud Tamalpais, guard of our town,
Whose face in calm majesty ever looks down.
Far grander and higher the Yosemite's white dome,
But less dear to my heart, because farther from home.
Of t he mountains of Scotland, my father oft tells,
And with love that's inherent, my Scottish heart thrills;
With the Highlander's rapture, my youthful breast swells,
As I roam free, untramelled, o'er Marin's green hills.
I love them! I love them! and shall, till I die;
When I pray that my grave in their bosom may lie.
Thou king of them all, with your grey rocky crest—
When I die, may they lay me to sleep on thy breast.

The highest elevation in the county is Mount Tamalpais, which is 2,608 feet above the level of the sea, and from its peak (which is easy of ascent and only from six to eight miles from San Rafael, the county seat), on a clear day, may be had the finest view of the Golden Gate, the broad waters of the Pacific, the entire surface of San Francisco Bay, besides eight or ten towns, cities and villages around, and is one of the finest harbors of the world.

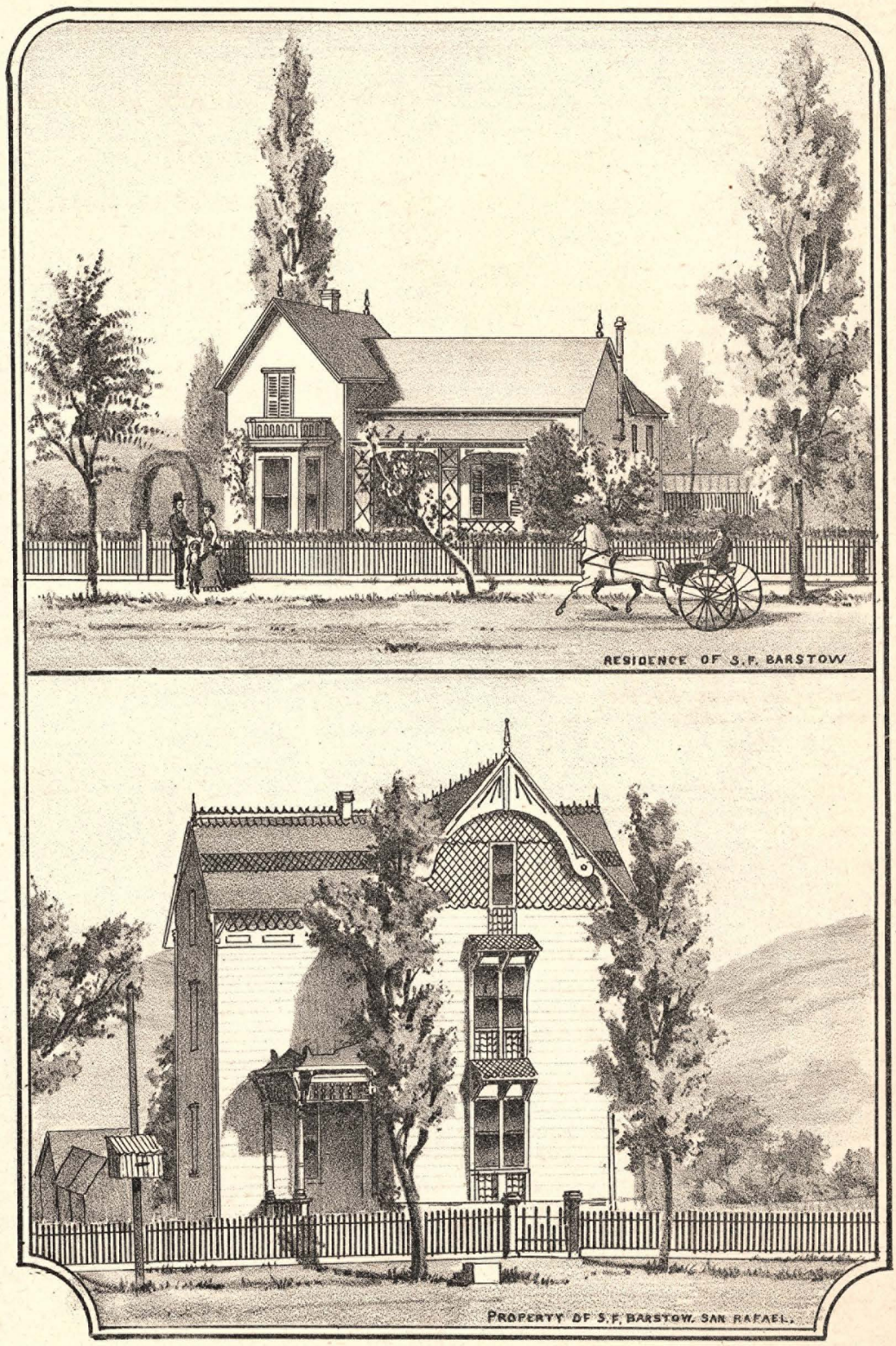
WHY SAN RAFAEL IS LIKED.

FROM "MARIN COUNTY JOURNAL."

YOU kindly ask for my impressions about San Rafael. I will readily accede to your wish. My impressions, without exception, have been favorable. For almost nine months I have roamed over California, but never found a place so much to my taste as your quiet little town. Now the people of your State are great boasters. They have cause to be vain for many reasons; but I dislike the spirit of rivalry so often manifested. Not only is California considered the El Dorado of the world, but the citizens of each little hamlet consider their place of residence the spot of all others in which to live, and draw invidious comparisons with their neighbors. The traveler, who comes unprejudiced and disinterested, should be able to form an unbiassed judgment. As such an one I would now speak a word for San Rafael.

Why do I like it? Listen. Not on account of the bustle and stir of business life; for there is none. Not on account of the gaiety of fashionable life, for there is little of that. The theater, the opera, and the masquerade are not offered as inducements. I like it for its equable climate, its freedom from fog and sea breeze, the beautiful scenery of its surroundings, and its quietude. True, at times, the north blasts are felt there, but where in California are they not felt? I have seen the wind blowing in favored Santa Barbara so fiercely for two days you could scarcely see one hundred yards through the dust.

San Rafael is pre-eminently a place of residence. Its nearness to the city offers an asylum to the tired business man or the worn-out student. It is a resting place; a village of homes. If the beautiful panorama of hills and cañons, ever changing in hue, as seen from the decks of the steamer, has not already refreshed the traveler, certainly the beautiful hills among which that town is nestled must bring a feeling of contentment and repose.



RESIDENCE OF S.F. BARSTOW

PROPERTY OF S.F. BARSTOW, SAN RAFAEL.

The drives are many and varied. Within an area of fifteen miles you will find more beauty of scenery condensed than around any other town in the State, all reached by good roads and with perfect safety. The shady cañons and surrounding hills afford many delightful rambles; hills not of barren sand, destitute of vegetation, but verdure covered and graced by many trees of deep green foliage. R. C. F.

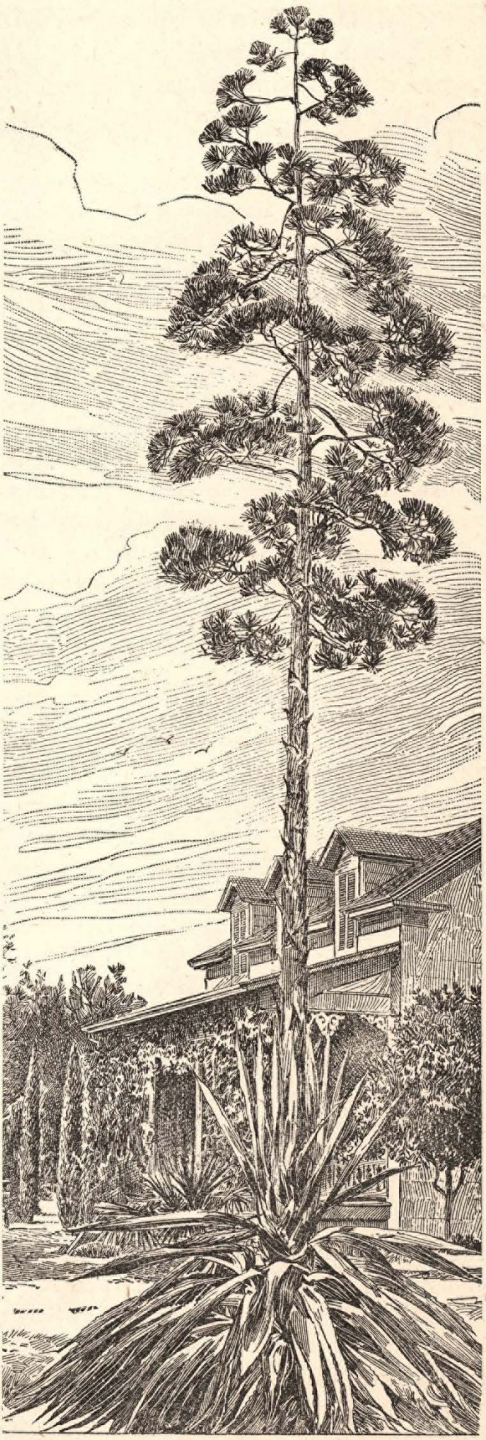
SAN RAFAEL AND MENTONE.

FROM "ALTA CALIFORNIA."

CALIFORNIA is better for the cure of consumption in the earlier stages, and for comfort after there is no hope, than any other country about which we have any information. It has the best combination of a dry atmosphere with a mild and equable temperature, at elevations varying from 100 to 5,000 feet above the sea. Mentone, which has had the repute of being the best resort for pulmonary invalids in Europe, is confessedly a bad place in summer.

Dr. James Henry Bennett, who has written more about that town, and had more influence to attract invalids to it than any other author, advises his English patients to return home with the spring. He thus condemns all Southern Europe: "What makes the heat of Continental and Southern Europe, in summer, so difficult to bear and so pernicious to health, is the fact that the nights are nearly as warm as the days, so there is no rest for the organization." The summer nights are hotter on most of the Atlantic slope, and especially that portion of it east of the Mississippi, than in Southern Europe, while in California they are gratefully cool.

Our readers will observe that Bennett's language condemns all Southern Europe as a resort of consumptives in the summer, and all Northern Europe in the winter. This condemnation of hot nights includes Florida, Cuba, and the whole Atlantic slope of the continent south of latitude 45 degrees, east



CENTURY PLANT IN A SAN RAFAEL GARDEN.

of the Mississippi, and much west of it. Severe cold, in its effects on many consumptives, is worse than high heat, so that Minnesota and Colorado can never be dangerous rivals to California as health resorts. The great changes of temperature, whenever the patient leaves the house in winter, are dangerous.

The coast mountains of California contain many situations superior, we imagine, to any in Europe. C. L. Brace, who has traveled extensively, says ours "is the most exhilarating atmosphere in the world." The London *Spectator* says: "The climate of California is that of Greece cooled, and the climate of Tasmania, that of England etherialized, and the two are the nearest perfection in the world." Robert von Schlagintweit, says: "The climate of California resembles, in general character, that of Italy, but has not its objectionable effect of depriving the people of the disposition and power of energetic mental and physical labor." The superiority which these authorities allow to us, imply the very qualities of dry, mild and equable coolness, that are of most importance to consumptives.

Inferior as Southern Europe is to California in the conditions needed for a health resort, it nevertheless attracts many thousands of wealthy invalids from colder climates, many of whom would probably come hither if they knew the advantages offered by California.

CLIMATES COMPARED.

METEOROLOGICAL tables kept for years in San Rafael, establish the fact that the average mean temperature is the equivalent in all respects of the winter climate of Mentone, with this great advantage—it extends through the whole twelve months. Consumptives seeking this climate, are not obliged to pack up and move at the time, when in all probability the system has just begun to recuperate, and improvement set in, and thereby endanger or lose the advantages gained. Dr. Bennett lays more stress upon regular, moderate physical and mental exercise, pure air and an entire absence of excitement or sudden changes, than upon almost any one portion of his system of treatment, and in recommending his patients to seek a different climate from Mentone in the summer months, recommends a climate which in the summer corresponds as nearly as possible to the winter climate of Mentone, giving as a conclusion of his many years' research that "a climate dry and clear, of 55 to 70 degrees Fahr. by day, and 45 to 55 degrees by night, is, physiologically, the most conducive to longevity in the human race."

The mean temperature at San Rafael at noonday and at night, for twelve months, taken and carefully computed from the records is as follows:—

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Mean Ave.
Noonday	52	57	56	65	69	74	79	76	74	70	65	52	66
9 P M.....	48	49	49	53	57	59	62	69	60	58	55	49	55

All the authorities on consumption agree perfectly upon a few points, however much they may disagree upon many others. In regard to bodily hygiene, all prescribe "abundant and nourishing food, sun, pure air and water, clean skin and moderate exercise," and advocate "passive exercise," as open carriage riding or boat riding; mental hygiene—"moderate and rational mental exercise, the regulation of the passions, and the contemplation of nature and nature's works, under the most pleasant and least exciting circumstances."

The San Rafael Lawn Tennis Club have filed articles of incorporation in the County Clerk's office, and is now in a position to secure the members who have bought the property occupied by the club. Its objects are to promote the game of Lawn Tennis and other out-door games, and to hold and own or lease sufficient land for the formation of tennis grounds, with the necessary improvements. The Directors are: H. Francis, Vincent Neale, T. Palache, F. A. Wheeler, W. M. Newhall, W. J. S. McGavin, and Robert E. Williams.

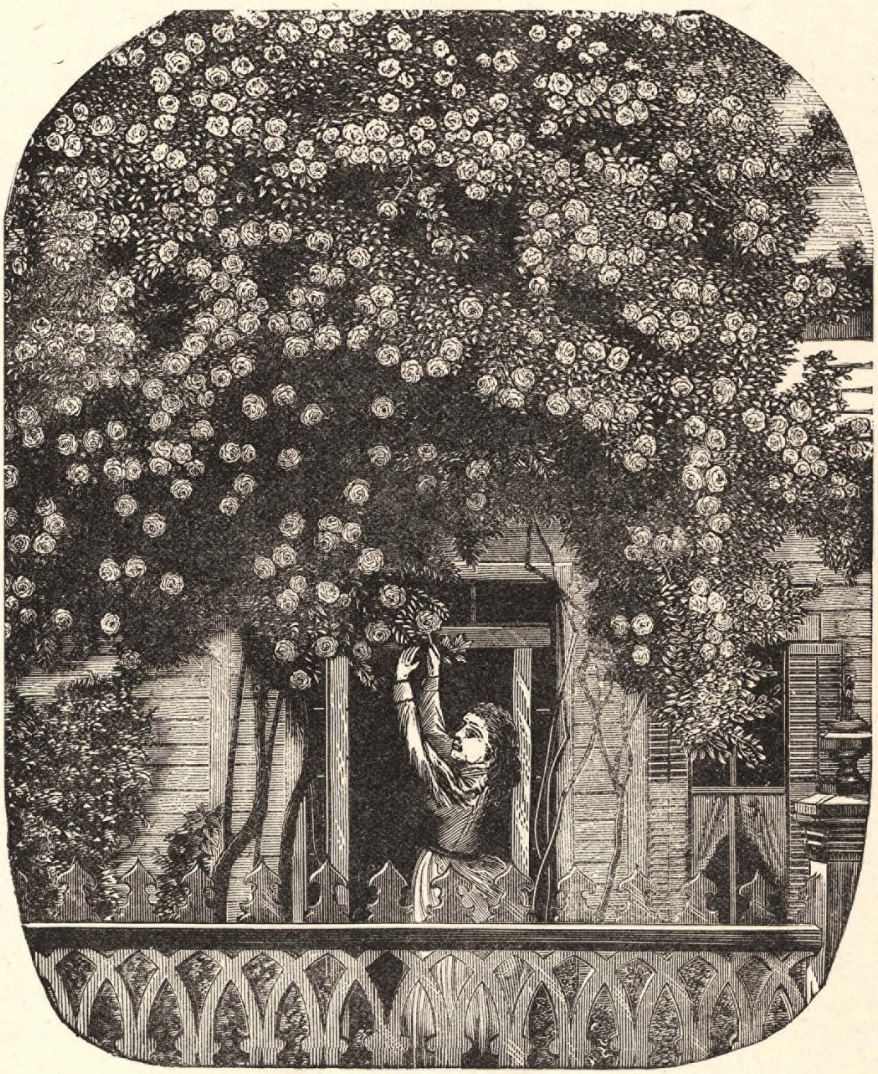
"CENTRAL HOTEL" 4TH. ST. BET. B & C SAN RAFAEL, CAL. M. C. DUFFICY, PROPRIETOR.

THE SURROUNDINGS OF SAN RAFAEL.

CLIMATE and surroundings of San Rafael meet each and every one of the requirements of Dr. Bennett, except in so far as it is necessary for each individual to exercise self-control. No markets in the world, not even the great commercial centers, with every advantage of steam and aggregated capital, can produce such varied, abundant and nourishing articles of food as those of San Francisco, from which we are only fourteen miles, or one hour, distant.

The air, pure and balmy, gently wafted from the broad Pacific, is tempered by the intervening Tamalpais Mountain until it realizes the "physiological standard most conducive to human longevity."

Bright, sparkling water is collected upon the sides of Mount Tamalpais, fed with everlasting springs, and in its conduct to San Rafael guarded by every known appliance to preserve its original purity when distributed



WINTER SCENE IN SAN RAFAEL.

through the village. That this result is attained is fully attested by our physicians, and many prescriptions are compounded with mountain water instead of distilled water.

For exercise, the drives about San Rafael are unsurpassed in any portion of the world. Fine roads, over valley, hill, and mountain, in the warm sun and through the shades of virgin forests of redwood, pine, laurel, and madrona; bay, ocean, and mountain, give variety to the natural scenery as contemplated from one or other point of view, and charm the cultured and uncultured alike in the endless variety of combination.

The village of San Rafael lies nestled between the hills, by which it is surrounded upon all sides, except towards the bay of San Francisco, three miles southeasterly. Nature has made her own imperishable bulwarks, guarding this favored place from every harsh wind, and the residents, appreciating Nature's bounty are making the place a Garden of Eden, bright, blooming, and fragrant each day in the year.

Many come and go greatly benefited by this climate. Some, gaining health and strength, wisely refusing to jeopardize their new blessing, make California their home. A few come too late to find a cure, disease already having gained the mastery, but even these find their sufferings largely mitigated, and life greatly prolonged, in the exceptional climate of San Rafael.

SAN RAFAEL AND SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

COMPARED with Santa Barbara, the climate of San Rafael has a general similarity, but it is not quite so warm, is not subject to as sudden changes, and has fewer wind-storms. On the other hand, it does not, like Mentone and Santa Barbara, have a sea beach.

San Rafael is less than one hour from the Metropolis, while Santa Barbara is reached by a tiresome stage journey, the traveler taking the chances of a night landing in small boats, should he go by steamer.

With Los Angeles, San Rafael has few points of comparison; while the former is warm, moist and excessively relaxing, the latter is dry, and while not decidedly bracing, is yet anything but relaxing.

In a late publication a writer living at Los Angeles, says: "Hot spells usually last from three to five days, the thermometer often reaching 100° in the shade. There are two abrupt changes of the weather every twenty-four hours, which by reason of their regularity are easily guarded against. Other changes from hot to cold, and *vice versa*, are usually gradual."

"We have had four or five sand-storms, or violent north winds, strong enough to upset light buildings. Los Angeles is an unsuitable climate for pulmonary disease, without it be some forms of chronic bronchitis—the same as improve when sent to a warm, moist climate, as the Sandwich Islands. Dr. Griffin, who resided there some twenty years, considered the climate one of the worst that could be selected by an invalid suffering from disease of the lungs."

Compared with San Diego, San Rafael is not so warm or so dry. While the former is, probably, one of the dryest climates on the Pacific Coast, and may in that and other respects be compared to Egypt, San Rafael is only moderately dry.

Like Denver, while all of the above places are better suited to the more advanced stages of chronic disease, Colorado and Minnesota are adapted to the earlier stages. Denver and its neighborhood are between 5,000 and 6,000 feet above the sea. The climate is bracing and stimulating to all the organs. It is dry, and subject to sudden changes; it is well adapted to restore vitality, and to cause every organ to do its full work, but it is a climate to which only carefully selected cases should be sent.

San Rafael is lighted by gas, and supplied with water from an artificial lake, midway up Mount Tamalpais, which gives San Rafael pure, mountain water, clear as crystal.

ELLIOTT. LITH.

NEW ENGLAND VILLA, SAN RAFAEL, CHAS. N. MILLER AND BLANCHE O. BURROUGHS, MANAGERS.

THE CLIMATE COMPARED WITH OTHER PLACES.

THE following is a summary of the weather at San Rafael for one year, from observations taken at 2 P. M. daily:—

MONTH.	Mean Temperature	Clear.	Cloudy.	Rainfall.
June.....	74°	29	1	....
July.....	79	30	1	....
August....	76	28	3	....
September.	74	28	2	....
October...	70	28	3	1.29
November.	65	19	11	1.08
December.	52	5	26	11.43
January...	52	23	8	11.81
February..	57	16	12	3.20
March....	56	11	20	4.97
April.....	65	20	10	2.45
May.....	69	23	8	.62
	66°	260	105	36.85

In 1873–4 there were 65 rainy days.

In 1874–5 there were 31 rainy days.

In 1875–6 there were 56 rainy days.

Notice in the above table there were 260 days when at 2 P. M. there was neither rain, clouds, or fog; 260 bright, clear, beautiful days!

Compare this with the following extract from an Eastern paper of date June, 1884:—

At Norwich, Connecticut, the sun did not shine seven full days in three months. In Boston there were only forty-seven clear days from the first of September to the fifteenth of March. In St. Louis, Chicago and New York gas had to be burned for weeks, the twenty-four hours round. Why don't the gloomy inhabitants of those benighted regions move out here, where they can get a square look at the sunshine.

Dr. Henry Bennett resides at Mentone, a noted health resort in the south of France, where he makes a specialty of the treatment of chest diseases. He has written a book called "Winter in the South of Europe." He informs us that at Mentone they had, on a given year, 69 days in which the sky was overcast and the sun obscured, without rain, and 80 days of rain, which would make a total of 146 days of cloudy disagreeable weather. At Mentone the thermometer rarely attains the maximum temperature of 58 degrees in winter, while at San Rafael the maximum for January was 62 degrees and February 67 degrees.

DIFFERENCE IN TEMPERATURE.

MEAN temperature of January and July in various portions of California, and elsewhere may be found in the following table:—

Place.	Jan.	July.	Difference.	Latitude.
	deg.	deg.	deg.	dg. mn.
San Francisco....	48	57	8	37 48
Monterey.....	52	58	6	36 36
Santa Barbara....	54	71	17	34 24
Los Angeles.....	52	75	23	34 04
San Diego.....	51	72	21	32 41
Stockton.....	49	72	23	37 56
St. Helena.....	42	77	35	38 30
Fort Yuma (A. T.)	56	92	36	32 43
Cincinnati.....	30	74	44	39 06
New York.....	31	77	42	40 37
New Orleans.....	55	82	27	29 57
Naples.....	46	76	30	40 52
Honolulu.....	71	78	7	21 16
London.....	37	62	25	51 29
Bordeaux.....	41	73	32	44 50
Mentone.....	40	73	33	43 41
Marseilles.....	43	75	32	43 17
Genoa.....	46	77	31	44 24
Algiers.....	52	75	23	36 47
San Rafael.....	49	69	20	37 59

From the above it will be seen that the variation in temperature is less than in Los Angeles or San Diego; less than in Mentone or Genoa.

The natural inference of a stranger coming to California would be that early fruits would reach San Francisco market from southern California, but this is not the case. All the early cherries, fruit, and most vegetables reach us from north of San Francisco, from Vacaville, Marysville and other places 50 to 150 miles north of San Francisco.

PICTURESQUE AND DIVERSIFIED SCENERY.

ONE of the most enjoyable trips for the tourist is from San Francisco to Duncan's Mills, 80 miles through as grand and picturesque scenery as there is anywhere. Take the boat of the North Pacific Coast Railroad which lands you at Saucelito. In their comfortable cars you skirt Richardsons Bay, through the tunnel, and catch glimpses of Mount Tamalpais, past Corte Madera, with a glimpse of Baltimore Gulch, and a fine view of the State Prison, through Ross Valley to San Anselmo Station, where the trains connect with San Rafael, nestling at the base of Heaven-kissing hills which tower aloft on nearly every side the suburban home of San Francisco's merchants, capitalists and professional men.

Elegant mansions and pretty cottages are perched in commanding positions, in whichever direction the vision penetrates, and the scene presented is a never-ending panorama of rural charms, heightened, if possible, by every accessory of art. The many beautiful drives, which radiate from San Rafael as a center, have become justly celebrated, and all that constitutes a real charm in driving is presented by these matchless natural avenues.

BEAUTIFUL PICNIC GROUNDS.

FAIRFAX Station is the beautiful picnic ground, where thousands have enjoyed the balmy air, shady woods, babbling brooks and other pleasant surroundings, which make a day's excursion most delightful. The distance is very short.

Fairfax is within four miles of San Rafael, and is only the beginning of the good things in store for the traveler through this portion of Marin and Sonoma Counties. On, over White's Hill, a spur of Mount Tamalpais, the line of the road runs up steep mountain sides, winds around cañons and through tunnels, showing one of the most wonderful pieces of engineering skill in railroading, until it reaches a great elevation, commanding an extensive view over land and water.

Twice in the ascent the road doubles upon itself, and here may be seen the Cape Horn of the North Pacific Coast Railroad. In descending, the road follows along the cañon through which runs the beautiful stream, the Lagunitas, sheltered in all its loveliness by the majestic Redwoods. The Lagunitas empties into Paper Mill Creek—the paradise of campers, picnickers, and fishermen—trout being abundant and weighing from four to six pounds. This creek derives its name from the large paper mill located on its banks, which was erected in 1856, being the first of its kind established in California.

Here the sportsman can amuse himself to his heart's content, angling for the spotted beauties of the creek, or hunting the variety of game, from a dove to a deer or bear, all of which are to be found within a radius of a few miles.

THE NEW RAILROADS.

FROM "MARIN COUNTY TOCSIN."

MAY 3, 1884, will be remembered in the town of San Rafael as one of the periods in its history. Two great enterprises, pregnant with future possibilities, if not probabilities, are completed and thrown open to public use. The Narrow-Gauge Railroad relocation and the extension of the Donahue Broad-Gauge Railroad to Point Tiburon are accomplished facts. A brief retrospect of the traveling facilities between Marin's county seat and San Francisco might not be altogether inappropriate.

First after the American occupation, the sloops and schooners that shipped wood from Ross Landing and Corte Madera were the only means of passenger transportation. Neither the pen of the poet nor the brush of the painter can give an approximate idea of what a trip to San Rafael meant in those days. Sometimes the run was made in two

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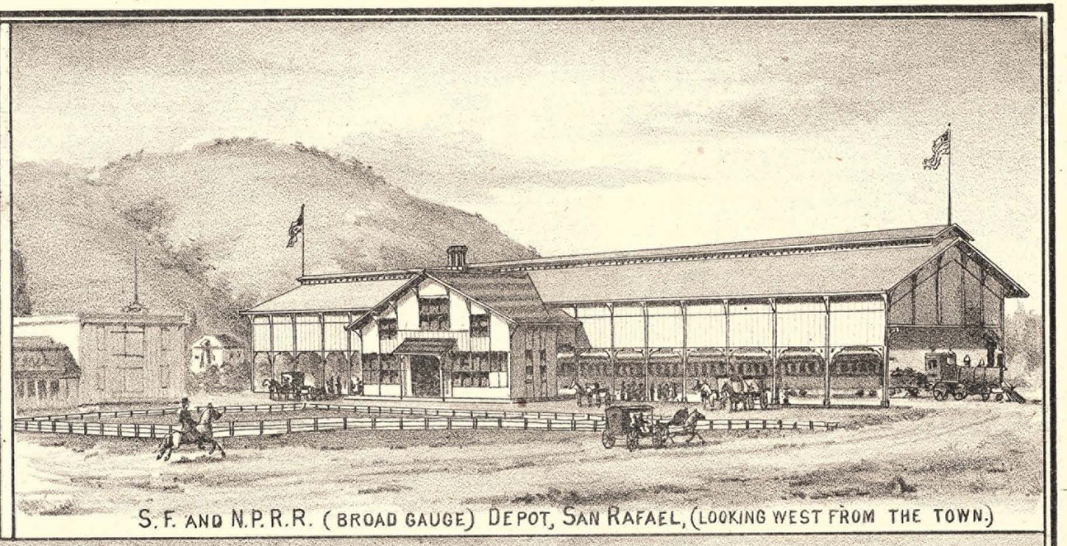
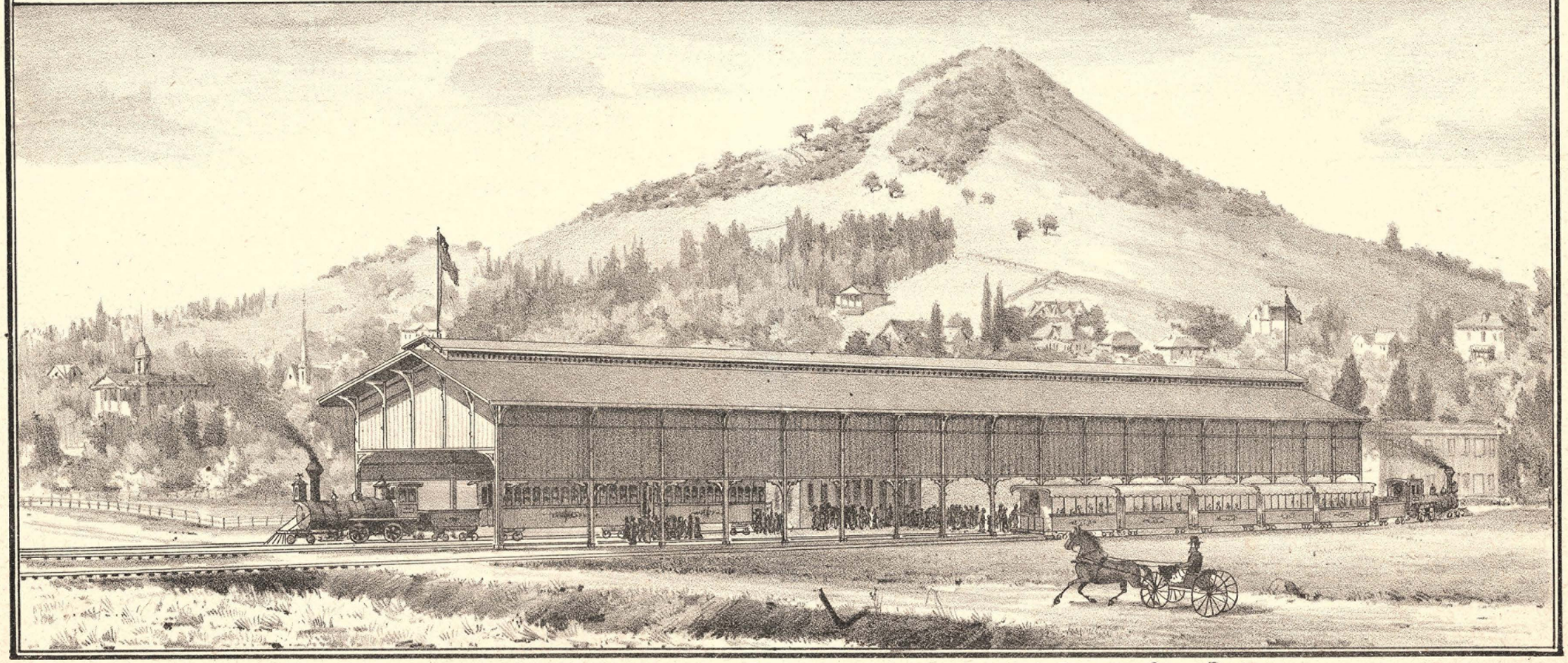
INTERIOR OF THE S.F AND N.P.R.R. (BROAD GAUGE) DEPOT, SAN RAFAEL.



S.F. AND N.P.R.R. (BROAD GAUGE) DEPOT, SAN RAFAEL, (LOOKING WEST FROM THE TOWN.)



SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD (BROAD GAUGE) DEPOT, SAN RAFAEL.

or three hours, but there are an abundance of recorded instances wherein as many days were consumed.

In 1861 there came a mighty change, one that residents of San Rafael could scarcely appreciate in the bewilderment of their gratitude. A steamboat service was actually provided for the route. Citizens could scarcely believe the announcement of Mr. Mintern, the then ferry boat king. All the same the steamboat duly came. Citizens crowded around it in veritable wonderment when it first tied up at the San Quentin wharf. It touched at three or four points on the Contra Costa side before steering to San Quentin. The trip under the then management occupied from three to four hours, including stoppage. Still the craft was an unmistakable steamboat.

The writer came to San Rafael in the days when these were the traveling facilities. This was in 1863. He was then a rather insignificant lad of nine years of age, albeit sufficiently observant to write from intelligent memory. The boat ride was absolutely ghastly. The old hulk drifted across to Point Isabel on the Contra side, where it perhaps discharged a passenger or two, and took on a box of butter or a wild steer—the transfer regularly consuming from a half to three-quarters of an hour. Thence it droned over the expanse of waters separating it from the alleged wharf that ornamented Point San Quentin. Here it connected with Bill Barnard's stage line. Bill Adams, long since gathered to the happy hunting grounds, engineered the ribbons and conducted the passengers with security over the tortuous, and in places, appalling road, along the San Quentin ridge. The stage route followed, approximately, the summit of the ridge, and about an hour was consumed in traversing it. The fare by boat was then two dollars, by stage one dollar. Total, three dollars. Think of it, dream of it, ye who claim that present fares are still too high. It illustrates well the desolating effects of railroad enterprise.

In 1864, came another innovation. The scheme of running a direct road across the San Rafael marsh to San Quentin was developed and carried to a successful conclusion. At the same time, arrangements were made providing that San Rafael should have a separate and distinct ferry service of its own. That stoppages on the Contra Costa side should be discontinued, and that fares on boat and ferry should be decreased 50 per cent., leaving the rates $1.50 instead of $3.00 as before. This step forward, slight as it may appear to-day, was perhaps the most decisive and important in the history of the town and county. It gave the impetus, the progressive spirit that has marched steadily forward till its consummation was reached this week.

We mention the names of the gentlemen whose foresight, enterprise and determination gave San Rafael its initial and all-important boom. They were W. J. Miller, Jacob Short, John H. Saunders, U. M. Gordon, Dr. Taliaferro, Charles Fairfax, G. Angellotti, Alexander Forbes, V. D. Doub and the father of the writer, Henry Wilkins.

The time to San Francisco was actually brought down to two hours. When the first trip was successfully accomplished, there was a general public hand-shaking and jollification. It was generally admitted, however, that the extreme possibilities had been reached. San Rafael and the county had attained all they could expect.

But in less than two years there were half a dozen persons planning for what was considered the absurdity of the times—viz., railroad communication with the San Quentin ferry. J. D. Walker, now president of the North Pacific Coast Railroad, and S. V. Smith, Sr., were foremost among these supposed cranks. They hammered on the iron whenever it seemed reasonably hot, and at last they and their allies worked up a sentiment in favor. A company was organized with S. V. Smith as president, and David Nye the efficient secretary. Books were opened for stock subscription and the shares waltzed off beyond the expectations of the most enthusiastic. The requisite money was deposited

speedily in the treasury, and, to the amazement of the community, work on the railroad was commenced and carried to a successful conclusion. Again the fare was reduced fifty per cent.—to fifty cents on the boat and twenty-five cents on the cars.

Milton S. Latham, the enterprising business man, endowed with a liberality bordering on the prodigal, turned his eyes to Marin County. In an unlucky day for him, he assumed the management and control of the partially constructed North Pacific Coast Railroad, which, without his financial intervention, would never have been completed. In his usual magnificent style, he had two splendid ferry boats constructed for the San Quentin ferry at a vast outlay. Fares were reduced to fifty cents, and again San Rafael had a grand hurrah. Mr. Latham and his fortunes alike are in the dust; but let those, to whom the interests of town and county are dear, bend a reverent head to his memory.

THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD glowing with the warm blood of a new management, determined to reconstruct the portion of its line between Corte Madera and Saucelito, whose kinks and tilts had long been a millstone around the company's neck.

The new route is from a point near Corte Madera Station through the hills immediately to the south, thence by a practical air line survey to Saucelito. Immediately after leaving Corte Madera Station the train enters a tunnel nearly 2,000 feet long. Passing thence, the route follows a gentle grade till about six feet above high water, which elevation is preserved to Saucelito.

The country along the route is picturesque and suitable for suburban settlement. As soon as the valleys on the slope of Tamalpais, around Blythedale, come into notice, it is certain that population will not be slow in gravitating thither. It is nearer to San Francisco in point of time than Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley, and the advantages of climate and scenery are patent at a glance.

All the appointments, mechanical work and matters of construction are perfect, and reflect great credit on Engineer Dodge. Between the tunnel and Saucelito there are several runs of trestle-work across arms of the bay. These are being filled as rapidly as possible, the intention of the company being to operate exclusively on hard land.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD wanted tide water connection, and Mr. Peter Donahue, with characteristic energy, pushed the construction of his line through San Rafael to Point Tiburon.

Many interested citizens took the initial trip. The large, elegantly appointed broad gauge cars fairly flew over the well ballasted marsh, and through the first tunnel to the draw-bridge on Ross Landing Creek, where a stoppage is required. From the draw-bridge to the second tunnel almost equally good time was made, although the road is not yet thoroughly ballasted. The entire trip to San Francisco was made in 57 minutes.

TIBURON HARBOR is admirably located, and looks as if it had been specially designed by the Creator as the transfer point for the road that is fated ultimately to traverse the northern coast. It is shut in on all sides by hills, islands, and projections from the mainland that protect it from winds, waves and other aquatic nuisances. To the south, Kershaw's Island guards the haven; to the east, Angel Island rears its imposing bulk; at the other quarters of the compass, the mainland hems it in. The slip is a massive structure of liberal dimensions, far enough ahead of anything similar in San Francisco. The neighborhood presents a busy scene. A small mountain is being torn down for material for ballasting and for making new land around the harbor. This last is necessary to give room for the extensive buildings, shops, warehouses, etc., that the immense business of the company requires.

The country around Tiburon is picturesque and attractive. Already Dr. Lyford has traced the lines of a future city, and is offering town lots at most liberal rates to *bona fide* settlers. In a year from now it is not improbable that several hundred inhabitants may be located there.

The Donahue line made the long-looked-

PROPERTY OF MRS. B. M. SIMS, CULLODEN AVENUE.

for announcement that its fares would be fifty cents for round trip tickets, thirty-five cents for single tickets, and $5.00 per month for commutation tickets. Double commutation tickets, good for man and wife, are sold at $8.00, and school children are let down easily at $3.00. Simultaneously, the North Pacific Coast Road made a like reduction in rates. Fares are thus reduced, the number of trips nearly doubled, and far quicker time than ever before possible, assured. If all the railroads of California managed their affairs as do the San Francisco and North Pacific and the North Pacific Coast lines there would be no discontented people, no anti-monopoly party, and no extra sessions of the Legislature.

A RAILROAD CELEBRATION took place on May-day and a free excursion was announced over the Donahue Railroad. A large delegation of the citizens of San Rafael assembled at the depot about two o'clock, and the arrival of the train was greeted with three uproarious cheers. The passengers alighted, and after excellent music by the San Rafael band, John H. Saunders, Mayor, on behalf of the citizens of San Rafael, delivered the address of welcome to Colonel Donahue and his guests. The speaker proceeded to comment, with many compliments, on the untiring career of Mr. Donahue, which had reared such substantial and enduring monuments for him in the State of California. Speeches were made by Mark L. McDonald and M. Byington, of Santa Rosa, and Judge Bowers. After repeated calls, Colonel Donahue came forward and said:—

"Colonel Saunders—possibly I should say Mr. Mayor—I feel deeply the complimentary things you have said in reference to myself and the enterprise we are now inaugurating, and I scarcely know how to thank you and the people of your town and county who are now present. But I desire to say that I entered upon this enterprise in a business point of view. I thought, and I think now, that there is something in it for me, and I am fully convinced that the best way to make it remunerative to me is to do that which will be pleasing and satisfactory to you. And so I propose to carry you safely, speedily and pleasantly to and from your handsome little town, and I propose to do it cheaply.

"I want you all to ride with me, but I want you to pay your fare. I shall never overcharge you. As business increases, as I think it will, I will reduce rates, because while I wish to live myself I am willing that you shall live also.

"We had intended to have a little collation here to-day, but our depot is not completed, and in this we are disappointed, but if you will all get aboard of the cars we will take you to Petaluma and bring you back. We have sandwiches and wine enough for the ladies and whisky enough for the men.

"Get aboard quick!"

The greater portion of those present accepted the hospitable invitation and went to Petaluma and back. On the cars was a scene of festivity and jubilation.

Mr. J. Mervyn Donahue acted as master of ceremonies in the refreshment act of the drama, and by his kind attentions and democratic manners made a friend of every one on the train. The party finally broke up at the San Rafael Depot with the kindliest expressions of mutual regard.

CLIMATE OF SAN RAFAEL.

BY A. H. DUBOIS, M. D. OF SAN RAFAEL.

WE desire to call attention of the profession to the valley of San Rafael as a sanitarium for chronic disease, especially of the lungs, as its situation, being less than one hour in time from San Francisco, makes it much more convenient than more distant and less accessible places, for many invalids and invalid families.

This very nearness to San Francisco is apt to interfere with a correct idea of its climate. Invalids arriving in San Francisco are almost certain to seek for the climate that they desire much further south, and to think that several hundred miles in that direction must separate the cool and stimulating atmosphere of the city from the warm, equable climate in which they desire to spend all their time in the open air. Strangers do not know that general climatic conditions in California are so modified by local causes as within the distance of a few miles to give rise to climates the most diverse.

San Rafael possesses an equable climate. Its range of temperature is not great, and during the hours that the invalid is able to be out of doors it is remarkably uniform. The air is dry, but not stimulating; its elevation is but fifty feet above the sea level. During nine months of the year there is little or no wind, while, during March, April and May there are occasional heavy winds, and during the greater portion of these months there is more or less air in motion.

We take it that the chief benefit to be derived from climate by the invalid, consists in the possibility of an out-door life, and of almost constant exposure to the sun's rays; and that climate, as a rule, is the best in which the invalid can spend the greatest amount of time in the open air.

There were only 34 days of rain in San Rafael, while at Mentone 80 are reported as the yearly average, but though the rainy days are few in number, yet the quantity of rain that falls amounts to some 44 inches. Only 11 days are reported as cloudy, and no rain; 5 as sultry, owing to there being little air, and the temperature upwards of 80° Fahr.; 184 days in which the wind was light, 24 in which it was brisk, and 25 in which there was a strong wind.

This climate corresponds closely to that of Mentone, in the south of France, but it is dryer, more equable, and has more days that the invalid can spend out of doors. As to scenery, they are nearly equal. A foreign language and people, however, more than counterbalance any advantages Mentone may have. The accommodations in both places are good, but the food in Mentone is little varied, and the market poorly supplied, while the nearness of San Rafael to San Francisco enables persons residing there to obtain everything that a delicate appetite may crave.

To sum up we would say that Mentone is a more stimulating but less equable climate than San Rafael. While the former answers admirably in cases not too far gone, the latter is better adapted to relieve the sufferings of those in the last stages of many chronic diseases.

PLACE TO RECUPERATE.

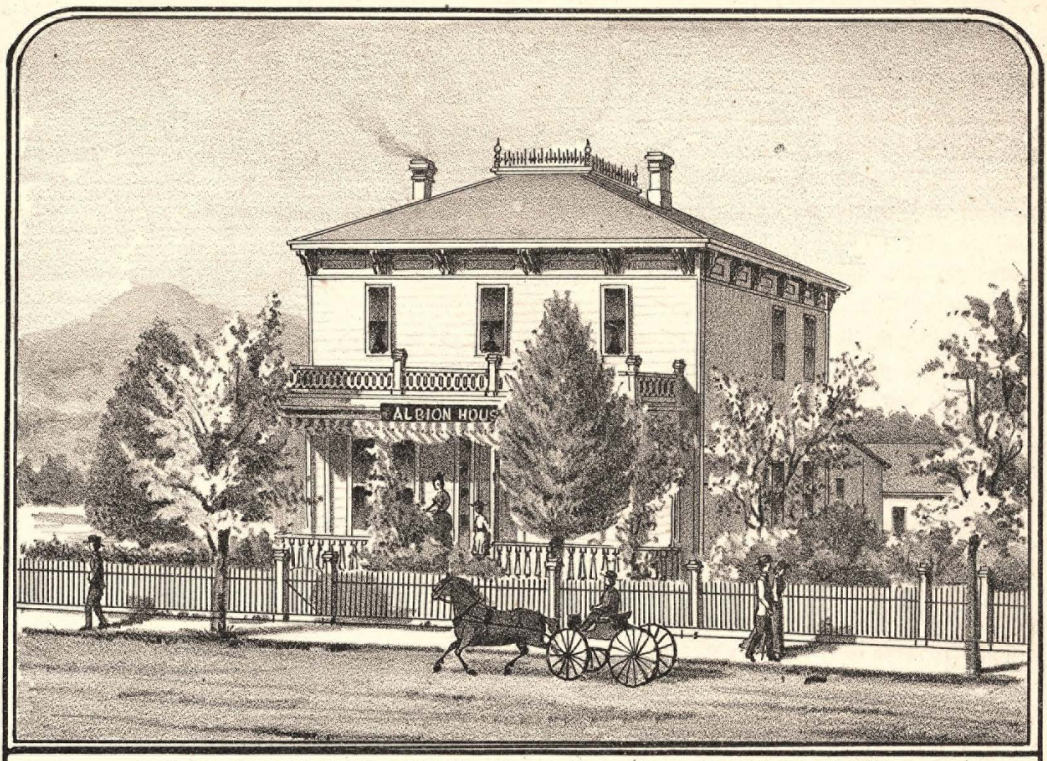
FROM THE "ALTA CALIFORNIA."

The season for country visiting has just arrived, as the school children, large and small, have gone to their books and studies, and hotels are no longer flooded with the *enfant terrible*. About this time in the year, when not bothered by a raft of children, the grown person can have a good time by going off fishing or picnicking. The writer came here on the second of this month, and, except one day, has been able to be out from "early morn to dewy eve," without catching the usual cold of San Francisco.

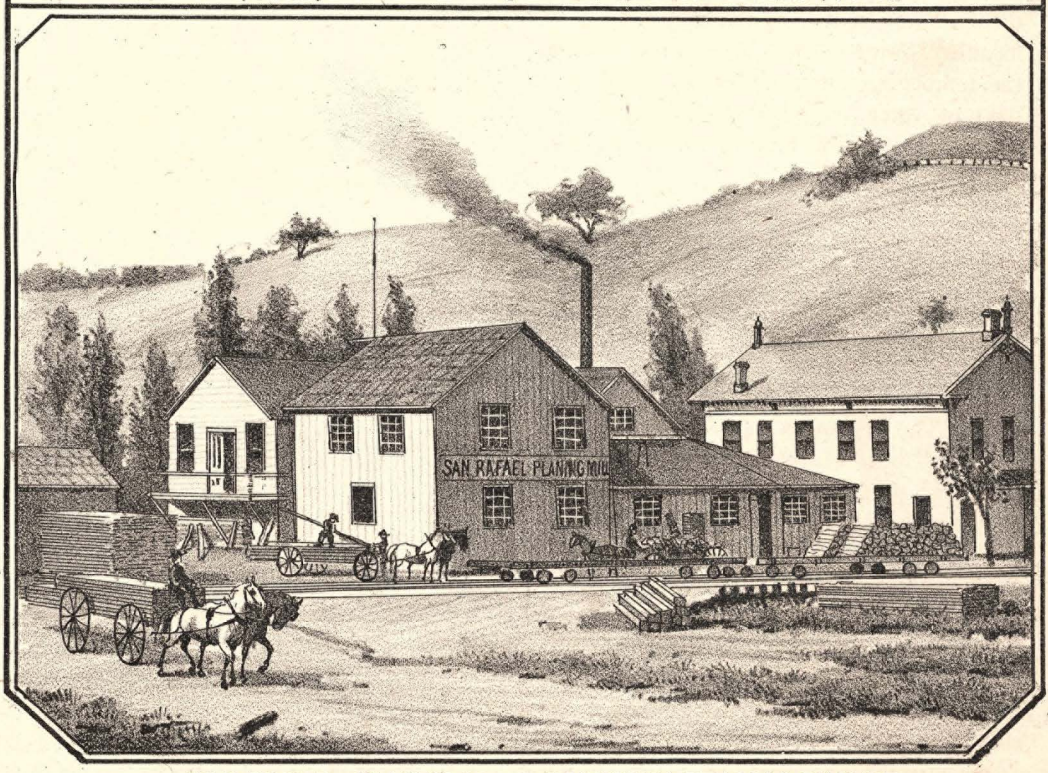
The fact is that people go far away and to the sea shore, when they should seek just the temperature which divides the salt air of Monterey Bay or San Francisco from the balmy atmosphere of San Rafael. From the time of the early padres to the present day, this little spot has been the sanitarium for those who were taken sick on this coast. The priest, the soldier, the native, all sought San Rafael—the cure of all ills. Here they came and found health and went forth strong to fulfill their share of the chapter of life.

At the present day San Rafael ranks with the old Californians as the finest suburban resort this side of San Diego. With warmth, absence of fogs, day after day of bright sunshine, and just enough breeze to make it pleasant the whole day, the wonder is that more people do not come to this delightful spot to recuperate. They can have all the requisites of sea bathing, if they want it, but which on this coast is deleterious to the health of the ordinary seeker after health. The great point is to enjoy an even temperature both day and night without the fear of taking cold, and this is just the climate of San Rafael. One can sit on the balcony throughout the day, wander on the sprinkled roads, or engage in conversation in the many nooks belonging to this charming spot.

The appearance of this delightful place has been materially changed within the past few years. Now there are trees to the right to the left, and in every direction, so that poplars are blended with other poplars, or the thrifty eucalyptus. Every little lot has a few trees,



ALBION HOUSE, B ST BET 2ND & 3RD STS MRS. J. F. JORDAN PROP'R.



SAN RAFAEL PLANING MILLS, PROPERTY OF ISAAC SHAVER.

"W. T. Coleman, has demonstrated the fact that trees will grow on any of the hills around San Rafael without irrigation. He has planted groves of eucalyptus on the steepest side-hills and made small forests of trees on elevated plateaux, where a few short years since there was only feed for cattle. The planting of trees still goes on and will continue to add to the beauty of the lovely spot. Ride up and see a village, which reminds one of a quiet Eastern town nestled among hills and enjoying continual summer sunshine."

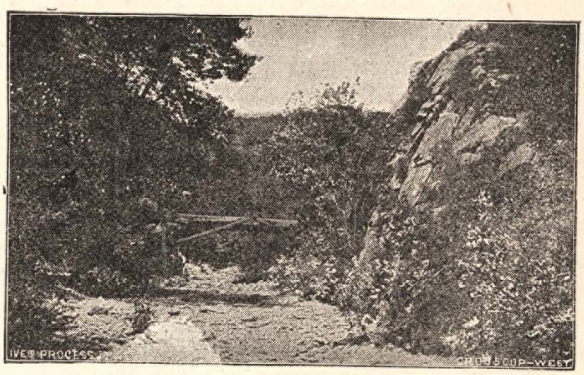
LOVELY PLACE FOR A HOME.

BY A LADY TO AN EASTERN FRIEND.

WELL, we have at length quietly settled down to home life, after three months quest of the most desirable place to call home. It seems to me we might have searched the world over in vain, to find a lovelier place than San Rafael. It is only an hour's distance from San Francisco, and might be considered within the suburbs of that great metropolis, although the climate is much warmer, and in fact would indicate a far more southern latitude. We are sheltered in this happy valley from the bleak winds and chilling fogs that sweep over the coast by Mount Tamalpais, by beautiful wooded hills, and heights around us. Tamalpais looms up in solitary grandeur upon one side, 2,600 feet in height, its topmost peak enveloped oftentimes in the mists and fogs that seldom succeed in getting over and making a lodgment in this romantic and favored nook. On the other side is a fine view of San Francisco Bay, upon which you seldom look without seeing steamers and vessels of different descriptions passing in sight. In one view is blended mountain and ocean scenery—those two elements of the grand and beautiful in nature so seldom combined, at least on our continent. The roads and drives are beautiful, with scarcely any more dust or mud than if they were macadamized. This is owing to the peculiar soil, which is composed mostly of sand and gravel.

In passing through the town you would be charmed with many beautiful and highly improved places. Scattered over the hills on picturesque heights stand stately residences.

This is a very paradise for flowers. We frequently pass a cottage completely embowered among roses, and over the porch of which fuchsias are trained like vines. I saw in one yard a flourishing young orange tree with ripe fruit upon it, and the almond tree is very common here. Such masses of gorgeous coloring in geranium hedges, and flower beds! Moreover, they live through the winter, without any protection. During the summer time, the dry season, they are kept refreshed by daily showers from the limpid waters of Lagunitas, the artificial lake on the mountain. It seems that all the favors nature scatters so liberally over different climes are here combined.



VIEW IN LAGUNITAS CANON.

We have the soft balmy air and semi-tropical fruits of the "Land of Flowers," while, as paradoxical as it may seem, we are strengthened by the health-giving, bracing atmosphere of sea and mountain air, of Newport and the White Mountains. Nature has been equally lavish in adorning this beautiful country, where every phase of the wild, picturesque and grand are met with, and contrasted with the peaceful, dreamy, pastoral and beautiful in landscape scenery, rarely found elsewhere.

MAGNOLIA VALLEY.

MAGNOLIA VALLEY is an extension, in a northwest direction, of the valley of San Rafael itself, the lower or eastern end of the village being built over its southern extremity. A drive along the Petaluma Avenue leads through Magnolia Valley. The road, like all the drives around the village, is in excellent condition, the weather delightful, the scene enchanting. The spots of level plain, the gentle undulations, the graceful slopes, the abrupt acclivities of the hills, all carpeted with the soft greensward, which was bedecked and bespangled with an endless variety of brilliant wild flowers intermingled with those of more modest hue, but not therefore less beautiful; the surface dotted here and there with copses of native shrubbery, the flowering madrona, the evergreen oak, the lofty and wide-spreading laurel,—all these constitute an extended and lovely parterre, which gratifies the eye, and constantly appeals with an irresistible charm to the innate sense of the beautiful.

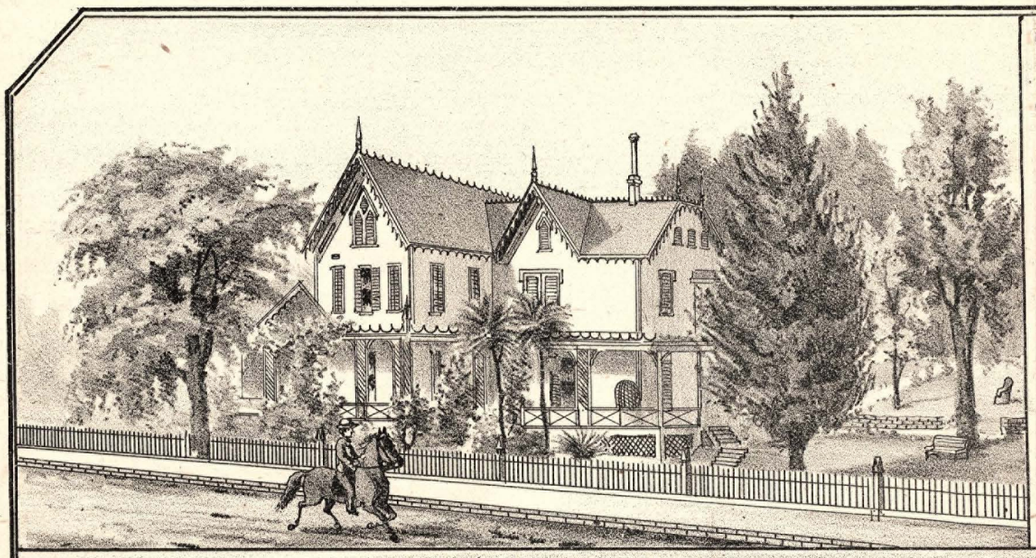
This valley is the property of William T. Coleman, a prominent merchant of San Francisco. He expended liberally, to add new charms to what nature originally made so beautiful. With this purpose he planted an extensive nursery, composed in part of that fine evergreen exotic, the eucalyptus, or Australian gum, which grows with such wonderful rapidity, and which, with its broad leaves and graceful top, makes so admirable a shade and ornamental tree. But to furnish variety, and to leave nothing to be desired in this regard, he also supplied the nursery with the pepper tree, the magnolia, orange, lemon, almond, acacia, ash, chestnut, cypress, maple, pine, walnut, and various other ornamental and fruit trees, all of which flourish in the valley. From this extensive nursery he has transplanted, and is yearly transplanting, tens of thousands along the hills and vales of Magnolia Valley and its surroundings. The ground occupied by this nursery is twelve acres, designed to be reserved as a public park after it shall have fulfilled present purposes.

In laying out his extensive property in lots, ranging from half an acre up to twenty acres each, suitable for family residences, Mr. Coleman employed that most competent engineer, Mr. Hammond Hall, of the Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, whom he directed to consult the lay of the land without reference to the mere direction of the avenues, so that the lots should occupy the elevated sites, while the avenues should wind along the lower grounds, affording sure and natural drainage.

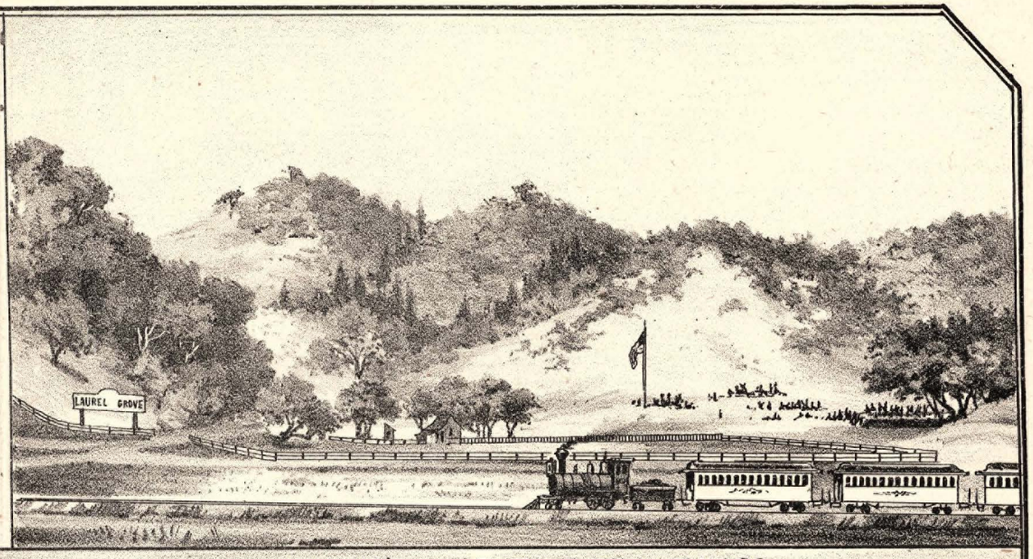
Neither the topography of the ground, nor the cardinal points of the compass, were therefore consulted. The happy consequences are, that instead of unifor m, monotonous, straight lines, there is a vari ety, some straight, others curved, while the tedious labor and heavy expense of deep cutting, and filling and costly walling, to attain desirable grades and drainage, are avoided; the lots occupy the most desirable situations; we look up at, instead of down upon, the residences, and the natural beauty is preserved, nature herself, in such cases, being the best engineer.

Grand Avenue, bordered on either side with trees, occupying a width of about one hundred feet, winds along the foot of the slopes for about one mile and a half. It affords a charming drive. These lots, to which allusion has already been made, the larger of which affords ample space for pasturage and gardening, are being purchased and improved by merchants and professional men, whose business is in San Francisco. The proximity of San Rafael to the city, the means of ready intercommunication, the loveliness and healthfulness of the valley, make it a very attractive place for family residences.

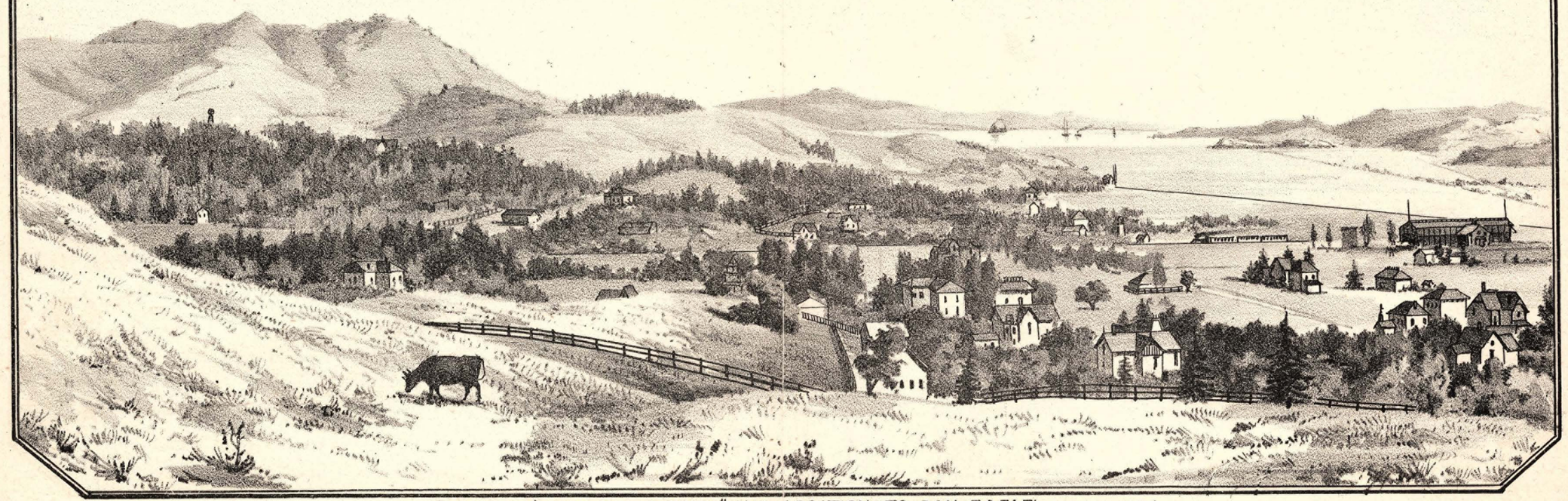
The large number of commodious hotels, boarding-houses, and restaurants in San Rafael, and the excellent manner in which they are conducted, are among the many inducements offered to strangers to sojourn there.



W.T. COLEMAN'S RESIDENCE, SAN RAFAEL.



COLEMAN'S LAUREL GROVE PICNIC GROUNDS.



"COLEMAN'S MAGNOLIA PARK." AND ADDITION TO SAN RAFAEL. (LOOKING EAST.)

DRIVES ABOUT SAN RAFAEL.

WRITTEN BY A VISITOR.

[We venture the assertion that nowhere in the United States can be found a dozen rides or drives equal to these in beauty, grandeur, or extent of varied scenery.]

No. 1. On the Ross Valley Road, the view of the town, as you ascend, is very pretty and quickly exchanged for that of the valley and Tamalpais, as you go down the other side. Here you may perform the full circuit, returning *via* the Junction, or, which is better, by the Laurel Grove drive, otherwise known as "Lovers' Avenue." Every place must have a special walk, lane, or drive, devoted to the blissful pair who are supposed to delight in solitude.

No. 2. White Hill Road is another beautiful drive, furnishing some mountain riding and a fine view of the Narrow-Gauge Railroad, and over White Hill, and beyond. On this road one also sees a number of redwood trees.

No. 3. San Quentin drive has two main roads leading to the San Quentin Prison,—the toll road and the one over the hill, the latter by far the more picturesque. On your way you will see a road leading to the right up among the hills. It is not traveled much, but is perfectly safe and affords many fine drives. The prison itself is well worthy of a visit.

No. 4. The Bay Road is one of the pleasantest about San Quentin, but to be enjoyed needs a mild afternoon. The view of San Pablo Bay, as seen at sunset from the terminus of the road, is peculiarly fine.

No. 5. The Bolinas Road goes out by the brick kilns around the point of the bay. When you reach the highlands and near the ocean, you will be enraptured. If you can spare the time, ride all the way to Bolinas.

No. 6. The Petaluma Road offers many inducements, the scenery is pleasant, the way leading through a more level and fertile region. Five miles out on this road, one comes to the Catholic Orphan Asylum. The situation is admirably chosen, commanding both a beautiful land and water view. In early spring, the profusion of flowers about this region is wonderful. Nearly three hundred children are now in the asylum, and Father Quinn takes pleasure in showing the visitor over the building and grounds. The chapel, school-room, dormitories, dining-room, kitchen, meat shop, dairy, bakery—where fourteen barrels of flour are consumed per week—will all prove of interest. The church has 1,000 acres of land in connection with the house, 400 of which front on the bay, and are to be reclaimed.

No. 7. The Makin Road will take you into the forest. You will think at every succeeding bend you reach that the road goes no farther, but on it goes by an easy grade, a good broad way, wide enough for two carriages abreast. Your eyes will be full of beauty. You will want to do nothing but look. The summer views of the town, the hills on the north and the flats to the south, changing with every turn of your wheels, remind one of a revolving kaleidoscope. Then return by the other route, which is equally romantic and beautiful. The round drive is certainly equal for picturesque scenery to any on the coast.

No. 8. To the Lagunitas is a favorite drive of some miles toward the foot of Tamalpais up the cañon filled with choice ferns and mosses. A view of the handsome lake and its surroundings or a ride on its clear waters will afford much pleasure.

No. 9. In the early morning the high hill back of the Central Hotel will afford a good before-breakfast climb and will well repay the labor it cost to ascend. Here you will "snuff the ocean breeze" and have an extended view of town, valley, and bay.

No. 10. Visit Tamalpais Cemetery and on out to Point San Pedro. Here is a grand view of the bay. Take a stroll along the water's edge and a swim in the bay—it will do you good.

No. 11. An excursion to the top of Tamalpais, which may be made in one day,

gives a view which in extent overlooks the homes of one-half the inhabitants of the State. It is both grand and extensive.

No. 12. Visit the famous "Magnolia Gardens" in the Coleman tract and see what grows out-doors twelve months in the year, in San Rafael.

No. 13. Take the cars to Duncan's Mills and see the redwood forests of California. Here may be seen "big trees" that will satisfy the ordinary mind.

No. 14. Grand Avenue affords one of the most popular short rides with which this place abounds. Going out on Fifth Street, do not turn down on the San Pedro Road, but pass through the gate, into the field beyond the Coleman garden tract. An unfrequented road will take you to the crest of the hill; it then bears north, meandering along the elevation and presenting a succession of magnificent views.

Mr. Coleman laid out the road with an artistic appreciation of the scenic effects, and the rider, while absorbed in a fine view of the bay and the opposite shore, in a few steps comes suddenly westward, and the town, with its beautiful surroundings, is before him. The road leads down into Locust Avenue.

No. 15. The park drive should not be neglected, and do not confine yourself to the "Grand Avenue," but take some of those many roads branching off among the hills. There is pleasure in exploration. The road opposite the park leads by an easy grade to the summit of the hill overlooking the town. Here you obtain a fine local view.

Beyond Coleman Park is a mineral spring for which admirable medicinal qualities are claimed.

No. 16. The drives through the Coleman tract are more enticing than ever. The grand old laurels and buckeyes are at their best, and the young growth of eucalyptus and locust has attained size enough to produce a marked effect and give the appearance of a grand park.

Locust Avenue commands a superb view of the whole valley and town of San Rafael.

LAUREL GROVE.

LAUREL GROVE, a secluded and shady nook, is situated in the southwestern part of a main valley. This a place of frequent resort on account of its peculiar charms for picnic parties from the city, village and surrounding country. Here is a grove of stately laurel trees, some of extraordinary diameter, whose wide-spreading branches make a dense shade. Under these monarchs of the forest Mr. Coleman has constructed a platform, surrounded by seats and other conveniences, of perhaps a hundred by a hundred and fifty feet in superficial area, for the accommodation of dancing parties, where thousands throng in the spring-time in joyous freshness and hilarity. It is reached from San Francisco by either railroad line.

EVENING IN SAN RAFAEL.

BY MARIA E. SUTHERLAND.

Within the circling arms of graceful hills
The nestling ville sinks like a child to rest;
In the still air, night's low weird music thrills,
And clouds like wool round Tamalpais' crest
In knotted clusters gather, waft, and cling.

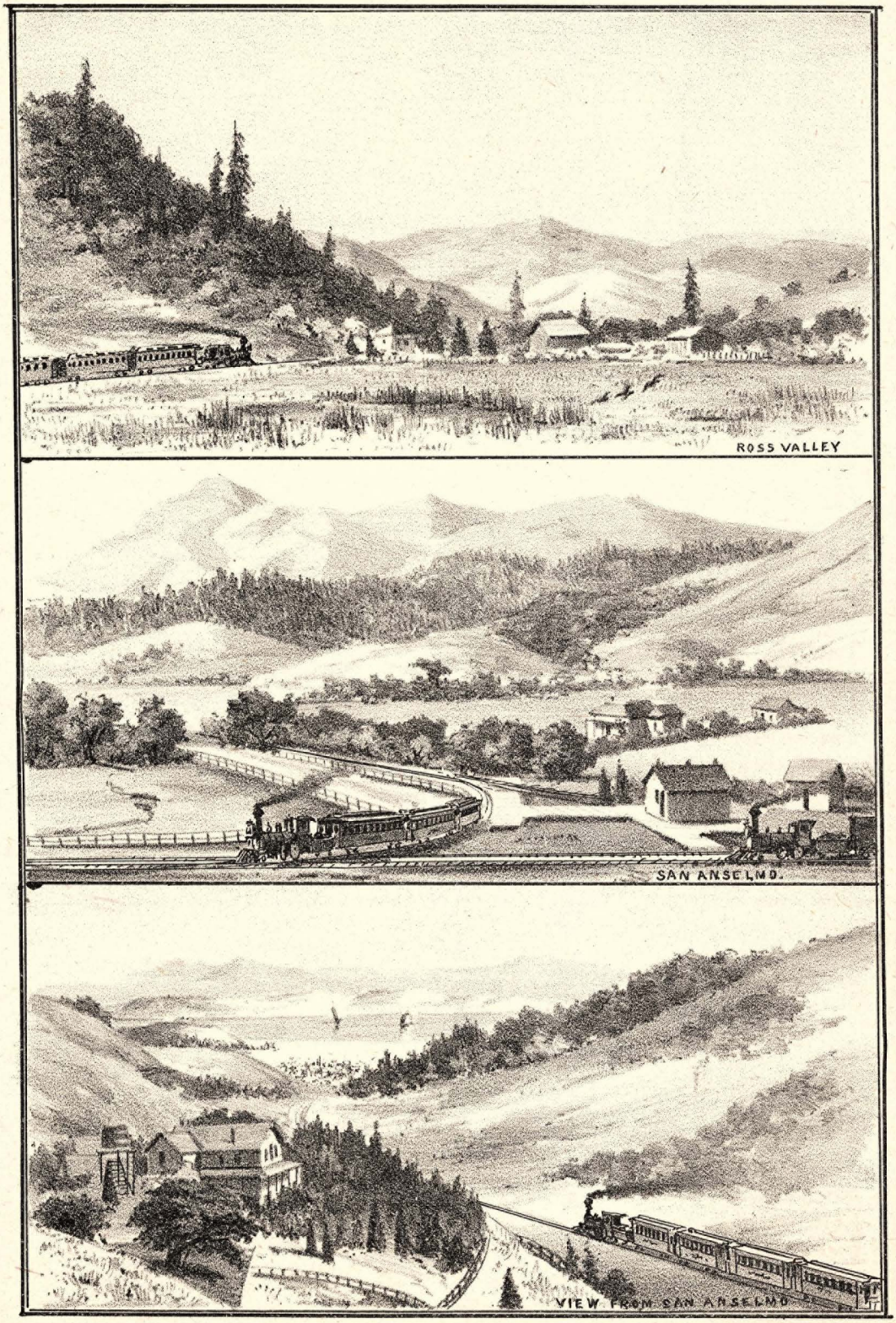
The west, erewhile with roses all aglow—
Showered lightly on the sun's low, sinking head,
Is paling from it's rosiness to snow;
The brooding hills their purple shadows spread;
And to their cosy nests the wild birds wing.

And twilight, like a filmy veil soft thrown
By thoughtful mother o'er a sleeping child,
In gossamer shadows gently wafting down,
Wraps the white ville so quietsome and mild,
And for a space sweet peace doth hold her own.

Then stirs the slumbrous air, like muffled blows,
The home-bound ferry's patient, rhymeful beat,
As through the drowsy bay she bravely plows,
Flying the city's din with movement fleet,
To where the mountain flowers breathe fragrance sweet.

All bustle quiets as the moon climbs high,
Threading the glittering maze of shy, sweet stars,
The golden, fadeless flowers of the sky—
And stripes the placid earth with silver bars,
And on the ville a silver veil doth throw.

The air is heavy with the breath of flowers,
And spicy scent of pinewoods from the hill;
No sound disturbs the midnight's sacred hours
Save a lone night-bird's mournful trill, a trill
Trembling through the stillness, sweet and low.



VIEWS ALONG THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST R.R.

PURE MOUNTAIN WATER.

BY GEO. W. GIFT.

SAN RAFAEL is furnished with pure mountain water from an artificial lake called Lagunitas on the side of Tamalpais, several miles from the town. We quote a description of it: "We cross this rolling land in the direction of Tamalpais and in a few moments stand upon the brink of one of the most beautiful sheets of water imaginable. Although we have gone up with the expectation of seeing a lake, yet we are surprised at the beauty and magnitude of the sheet before us. The water is as clear as crystal, and ordinarily the surface is as smooth as a mirror. There are bays and inlets, capes and promontories, and wooded groves and shaded dells near by. Altogether it is a spot far too beautiful and picturesque to be described by an ordinary pen. There is a small boat in which you may embark and row around the shores, visiting the fish breeding establishment and other points of interest. This fine body of water, you must understand, is not a natural lake, but is made by a dam thrown across the valley at a narrow place. This dam is six hundred feet in length, fifty-one feet high, and in a mass of earth it would seem an impossibilty to move.

Twenty-five acres of land are submerged, and one hundred and thirty-five millions of gallons of water is contained in the last foot of depth. This water is collected from a thousand acre water-shed on the northwest side of Tamalpais.

For the purpose of carrying off the surplus water, after a sufficient quantity has been collected in the lake, is an immense flume, twelve or fourteen feet wide and six or eight feet deep, with an inclination of about thirty degrees from the horizon, which is fall sufficient to convey water at a fearful velocity. The lower end of the flume is far below the base of the dam.

The water is drawn from the lake through a heavy pipe, the supply being regulated by a valve. On leaving the lake it is conveyed on the first part of its journey in a wooden flume box. But this is for only half a mile or less, when it is made to flow on to some sieves or strainers, to subdivide it into small streams, when it falls through the air twenty or thirty feet on to other strainers and sieves placed over a big hopper, which collects the water and starts it on its journey down hill in an eight-inch wrought iron pipe.

The object of this spraying is to aërate the water—a very necessary and important matter to look after. Between the top of the dam and tide water the vertical difference is about seven hundred and fifty feet, and between the aërating station nearly seven hundred feet. The water flows through the pipes down steep grades and along the valleys, following the road, seven miles to San Rafael, and eleven miles to the State Prison at San Quentin. There is a distributing reservoir in San Rafael to regulate pressure and insure an adequate supply in case of fire or accident to the trunk main. It may be proper to mention that the water collected by Tamalpais is as good as any in the world.

CHURCHES OF SAN RAFAEL.

IN May, 1869, it was resolved to erect a new Catholic church at a cost of 5,000 to 7,000 dollars. The building was constructed and consecrated October 22, 1870, by Bishop Croke, of New Zealand. This church, with its tall spire, is situated at the head of an avenue and in a commanding situation. Mission San Rafael was established in 1817. It stood on the site of the present Catholic church, in fact, the altar now in use occupies the position of the one in the ancient mission, while the remains of the garden and orchard are still to be seen.

The Episcopal church was erected in 1870 and formally opened in services conducted by Revs. Dyer, Phelps and Bush. The building is gothic in architecture, of wood, with spire and vestry, and situated on southwest corner of Fourth and E Streets. The

interior is finished with California redwood and Oregon white pine, oiled and varnished. The building was consecrated July 21, 1872, by Right Rev. Bishop Kip. St. Paul's church is a pretty little edifice.

For about a year previous to the organization of the Presbyterian church, in 1869, Revs. Chas. R. Clarke and W. H. Cain preached here occasionally.

At a meeting in the Court House, five trustees were elected, who were, Wm J. Dickson, Alex. Elder, D. A. Brown, Al. Barney and J. C. Dickson. On November 21st following, Rev. A. Williams preached, and completed the organization by ordaining and installing the Ruling Elders.

On June 20, 1870, Rev. T. E. Taylor was called to take charge, at a salary of $500. He accepted, and continued his labors until July 20, 1874.

On September 1, 1873, Rev. Jas. S. Hawk became the pastor, and continued so until his death, in October, 1874.

On Tuesday, January 5, 1875, Rev. Jas. S. McDonald became the pastor. On the assumption of the pastoral care of his parish, Mr. McDonald commenced earnestly to work for the erection of a suitable church on the lot which had been already acquired. He saw his noble efforts crowned with success by the opening of their present beautiful house of worship on the first Sabbath in January, 1876. The structure, including the furniture, is valued at 6,000.

On the 18th of February, 1871, the Methodist church was dedicated by Dr. Thomas, of San Francisco, under favorable auspices. It cost about $3,000, and though small is sufficient for the congregation who gather there. As early as 1851 or '52, Rev. S. D. Simonds held services in several places in Marin County, including San Rafael. The first regular pastor was Rev. Aaron Williams.

In the early history of San Rafael, religious services were held only occasionally; the inhabitants were few and settlements in the districts north of the bay of San Francisco very sparse, hence a large territory was assigned to one minister.

THE POPULAR ROUTE TO SAN RAFAEL.

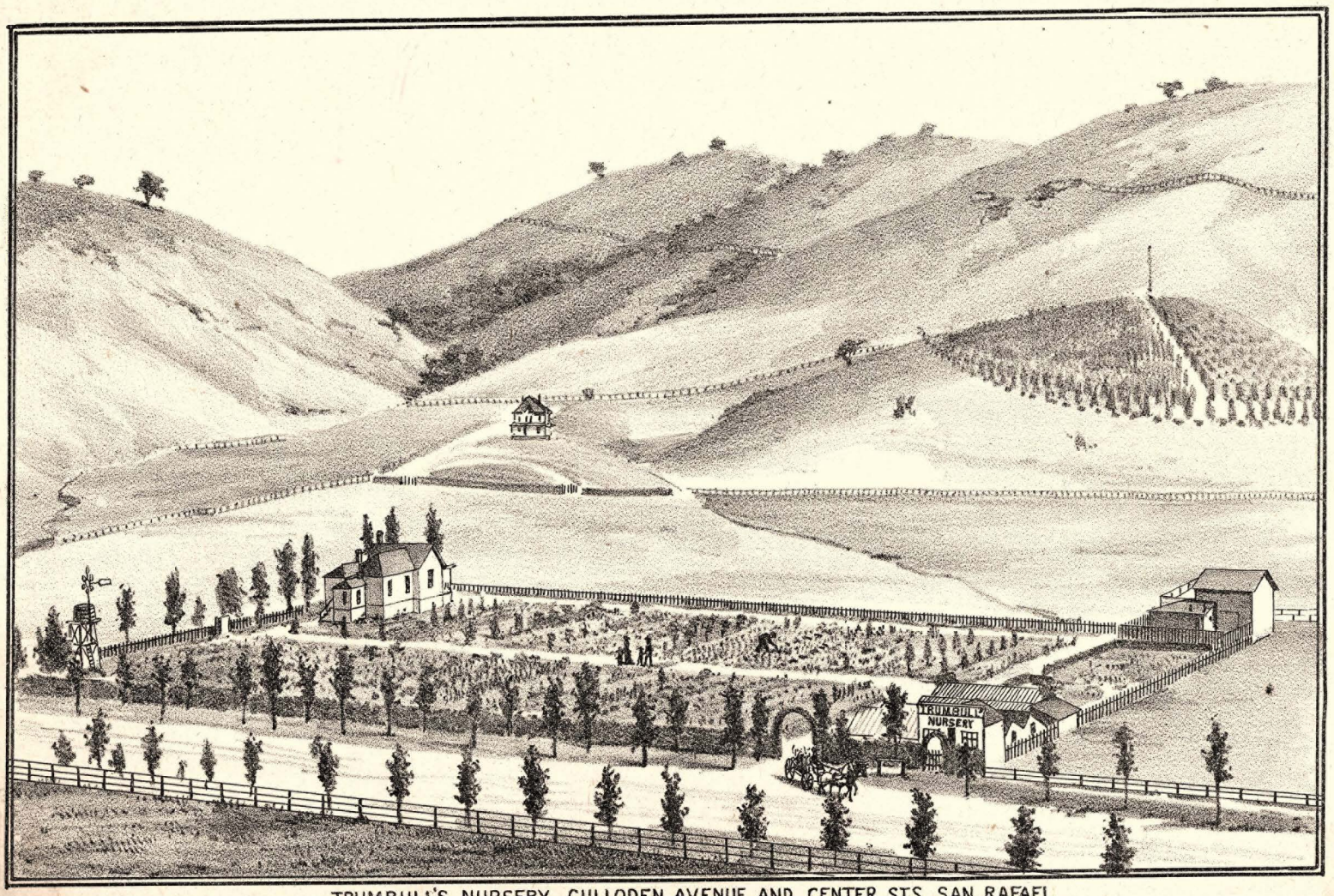
THE North Pacific Coast Railroad *via* Saucelito affords the most romantic way to reach San Rafael. This route across the bay in the splendid steamer, *San Rafael*, affording a grand view of Golden Gate, Fort Point, Alcatraz, and the Harbor, arriving at Saucelito in twenty minutes. You should spend a while in the little town, catching, from its hill-tops, some of the glorious views. No spot in the vicinity of San Francisco presents as many attractions for a "Home in the Country" as does this place, and, with its improved ferry facilities must soon attract many there.

Here you take the train made up with well-ordered clean coaches, and in a few moments are rolling over the new steel rail rock ballasted road, skirting along the head of Rochardson's Bay, with a view of the city and harbor from the cars for four miles on one side; on the other, Mount Tamalpais, looking down with its cozy valleys and green fields full of wild flowers at its foot, greet the eye. Nestling in one of these valleys is "Blithedale," the summer home of many families from the city.

Leaving Blithedale Station the train passes on to the green fields of Corte Madera, where we catch glimpses of Mount Diabolo, Contra Costa, San Pablo Bay and San Quentin.

As the train goes flying along over the smooth road into the beautiful valley of the San Anselmo, passing Tamalpais and Ross Station, the many charming homes that are fast filling up this lovely valley come in view. Leaving San Anselmo, the road branches from its main line into San Rafael.

After a ride of one hour in which you have more variety and beauty of scenery than on any road in the State for the same time, you are landed in the center of this beautiful place, affording you the opportunity of stopping at either side of town, there being two stations in San Rafael, and near to the best hotels, thus avoiding a long walk or expense of carriage.



TRUMBULL'S NURSERY, CULLODEN AVENUE AND CENTER STS. SAN RAFAEL.

SEED WAREHOUSE 419 & 421 SANSOME ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

REAL ESTATE.

PROPERTY in and about such a favorite spot as San Rafael naturally commands a good price. This is particularly so for choice residence spots; but when compared with prices elsewhere, residence property of San Rafael will be found much below the average. There are always, in every place,

REAL ESTATE BUSINESS BLOCK OF W. J. MILLER.

some good improved places to be had at bargains. W. J. Miller, having long resided in San Rafael, can furnish information to parties East by letter, respecting property for sale, or on personal application will show the choicest residence grounds on improved places. He does a general real estate business. He is familiar with all the property about San Rafael or in Marin County.

FRUIT CULTURE.

FOR several years experiments in tree-planting have been made in this county. It is now an established fact that almost every variety of fruit grown elsewhere in this State, is being successfully grown here. In fact one of the largest and most profitable orchards on the coast is located in this county.

The nursery of R. J. Trumbull, illustrated elsewhere, was established about twelve years ago. It is located at the west end, in Forbes' Valley, within the limits of the town of San Rafael. The soil is uniformly rich but variable, rendering it peculiarly adapted to the successful growth of an endless variety of plants, flowering shrubs, fruit and ornamental trees. During the existence of this nursery, tens of thousands of trees, etc., have been grown which have found a permanent home in Marin County, while many through the firm of R. J. Trumbull & Co, seed merchants, San Francisco, have been shipped to various points on the Pacific Coast, as well as to numerous foreign countries. San Rafael's reputation for rose-growing is unsurpassed. Here they do literally attain a degree of perfection unrivalled. This nursery makes a specialty of rose culture, propagating them on a large scale, such only as are universally recognized as the very best.

AN ATTRACTIVE SPOT.

THE picturesque scenery of San Rafael, its salubrious climate, its convenient situation for residence of those doing business in San Francisco, its perfect drainage, its excellent water, charming drives and romantic scenery surroundings all combine to make it the most attractive spot in California. The town is lighted with gas, the buildings look neat, and everything has a healthy and prosperous look. There are flourishing societies of every kind. The morals and intelligence of the people are superior. The business of San Rafael is varied, and all the pursuits that naturally spring up in a rich farming and dairy country are well represented.

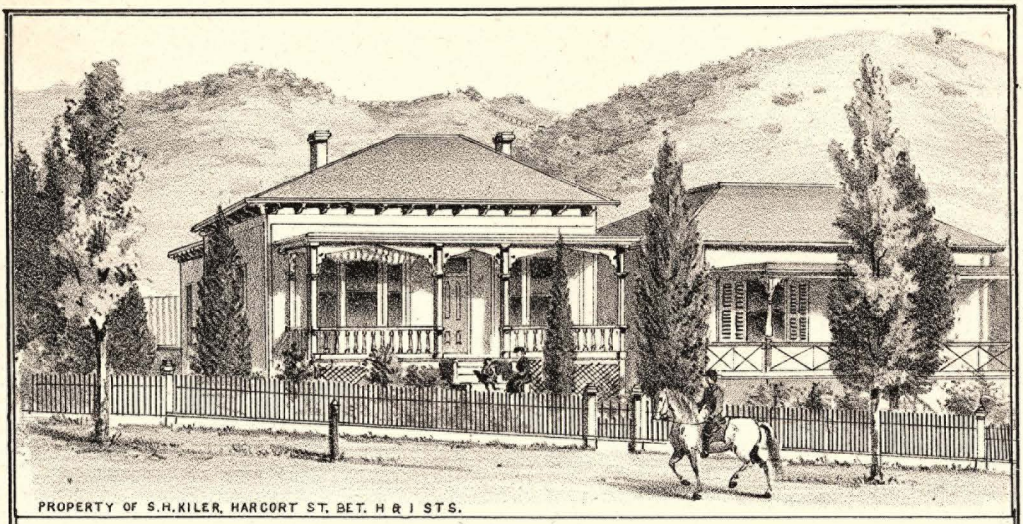
Few in San Francisco are aware that within one hour's travel of the city are forest trees, grand mountains, pretty streams, pleasant valleys—all that the weary need to cool heated brains, invigorate weakened lungs, and restore shattered constitutions to their wonted vigor. Why is it that invalids will undergo the hardships of a sea voyage to Santa Barbara and other places south, in place of wending their way to this convenient and health-giving retreat, is a mystery only explained by the saying—

"The distance lends enchantment to the view."

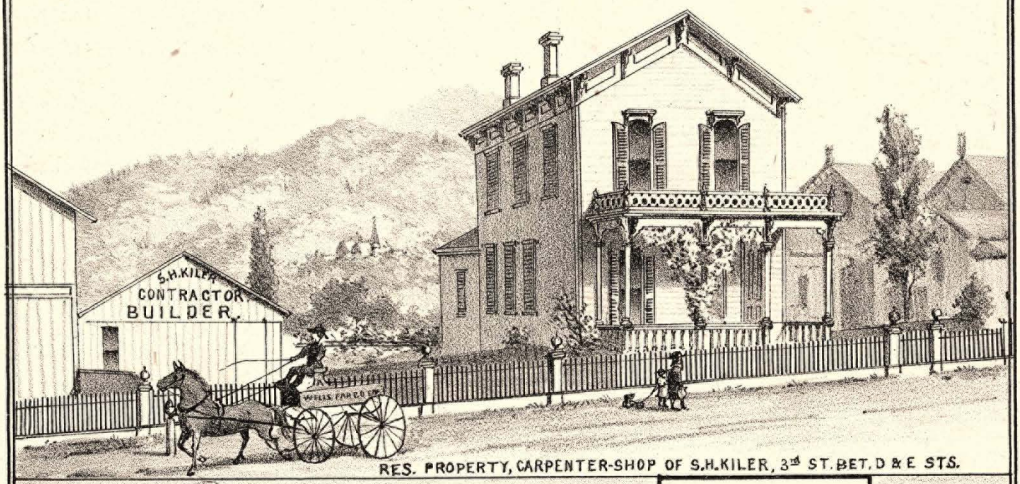
THE SCENIC ROUTE.

NO other railroad in the State, for its length, passes through or near so many interesting objects sought after by the Eastern tourist as the SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILROAD, which extends about ninety miles northward from San Francisco, along and in the Coast Range Mountains. Besides the main road, there are two important branches. Starting out from San Francisco in one of the company's new and handsomely furnished boats, the tourist has a good view of the harbor, its shipping, islands, forts, and the Golden Gate. A longer ride on the bay by the Sonoma route will add largely to knowledge of the extent of this bay, and leaving the boat at Sonoma Landing the train soon reaches the OLD TOWN OF SONOMA, with its ancient Mission Church, its adobe residences with tile roofs, its immense vineyards and large wine cellars.

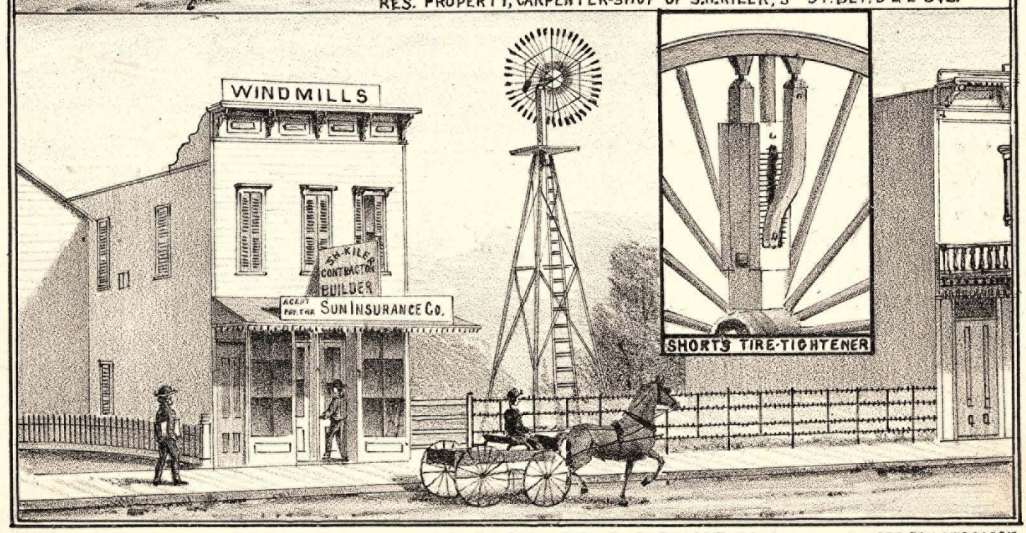
By the main line you land at Point Tiburon, and on the way, in and out of the numerous tunnels, you will catch views of SAN QUENTIN PRISON, where are usually kept 1,200 convicts. It is well worth a visit. The charming scenery and fine drives about SAN RAFAEL will well repay a few days' delay, and will justify all we have said in this little work about its climatic advantages. Continuing the journey, we pass the CATHOLIC ORPHAN ASYLUM, with its 1,000 inmates, and pass through many large ranches of fruit as well as dairy, and soon reach PETALUMA, noted for its thrifty orchards of choice fruit surrounding the lively and growing village. Keeping on our ride, we pass through the length of the beautiful SONOMA VALLEY, with its typical California ranches of vast fields of grain, large herds of stock, and beautiful homes, until SANTA ROSA, the county seat of Sonoma, is reached—a neat and thrifty town, the city of roses. Here are good hotels and superior accommodations. Take the daily stage and stop at MARK WEST SPRINGS, beautifully located in a bend of the creek, forming a romantic dell. The chief attractions here are hot sulphur baths. The scenery along the clear waters of the brook is charming. You can drive in a short time up a beautiful canon to the world-wide PETRIFIED FOREST. These trees lie buried in volcanic ashes. The largest is eleven feet in diameter and sixty-eight feet long. On the return stop at the WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, two miles and a half from Santa Rosa, overlooking the city. The waters hold in solution sulphur, iron, soda and magnesia. Here are hot and cold mineral baths. At Fulton is the branch road that leads into the REDWOOD FOREST. Here we pass through an entire forest, extending as far as the eye can reach, of trees from eight to twelve feet in diameter, and from one hundred to three hundred feet high, thickly grouped, their trunks marvelously straight, not branching till they reach from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet above the ground, and then forming a dense canopy which shuts out the view of the sky —the contrast of the bright cinnamon-colored trunks with the somber, deep yet brilliant green of the foliage, the utter silence of these forests, where often no sound can be heard except the low thunder of the breaking surf of the distant ocean. Here has just been sawed a section of a redwood tree which measures eighteen feet in diameter at the butt. The section is four feet long and rimmed out two feet in thickness and quartered, to facilitate shipping to the New Orleans exhibition. It was over four hundred feet high and several thousand years old. After examining these wonderful trees, return to the main line, and continuing the journey, you will not fail to notice on the right the dark mass of MOUNT ST. HELENA, 3,860 feet high, standing guard at the head of Napa Valley. Healdsburg, another important village, will next be reached; here visit MAGNOLIA FARM, and on the way see some of the best fruit places in the valley. Large hop ranches and choice vineyards line the road sides. From the car windows we catch glimpses through the California oaks of the buildings of the celebrated LITTON'S SPRINGS.



PROPERTY OF S.H.KILER, HARCORT ST. BET. H & I STS.



RES. PROPERTY, CARPENTER-SHOP OF S.H.KILER, 3rd ST. BET. D & E STS.



OFFICE OF S.H.KILER, CONTRACTOR & BUILDER, ODD FELLOWS BLOCK,
& AGENT FOR ALL KINDS OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
4TH ST. BET. D & E. SAN RAFAEL.

Here $80,000 were spent in improvements. The water is an agreeable seltzer and is bottled and sold. This is a very popular watering place.

At Geyserville take the stage for an hour's ride up a beautiful cañon to SKAGGS' SPRINGS, crowded annually by those in quest of health or pleasure. Here are hot sulphur springs, also cold soda and iron, a valuable tonic for invalids. CLOVERDALE, a handsome village, is the end of the road, and here we stop at the United States Hotel, and after one of their excellent dinners, will be prepared for a seat in the comfortable coach off for the GEYSERS, in charge of the experienced driver, Sacry, who has made thousands of trips over this road during the past sixteen years. The only natural grade to the Geysers is by the way of Cloverdale. It is not only the best grade, but the shortest of any from railroad communication. The most nervous lady need have no fear. The driver will point out some grand scenery along SULPHUR CREEK CANON, and show you Eagle Rock, Devil's Slide, the Quicksilver mines and other views. At the GEYSER HOTEL, Colonel Forsythe will make your stay a pleasant one and the charges reasonable. Everything about the hotel is neat and first-class. Waiters give you every attention. You will enjoy your meals and stay a few days. Space will not admit of a complete description of this, the greatest of wonders—the most startling in the Coast Range—the collection of springs in Sulphur Creek Canon, known as the Geysers. By all means take the Cloverdale route and visit these indescribable wonders. A few days' stay at this place will renew your life. It is about 1,900 feet above the level of the sea, and surrounded by lofty, rugged mountains and grand scenery at every turn of the road.

If you are in a great hurry, you can make the trip easily in two days. Take the early boat, and reach Cloverdale at noon. Take stage, and arrive at Geysers at about 2:30 P. M. The next day leave Geysers in the forenoon, and arrive in San Francisco the same evening.

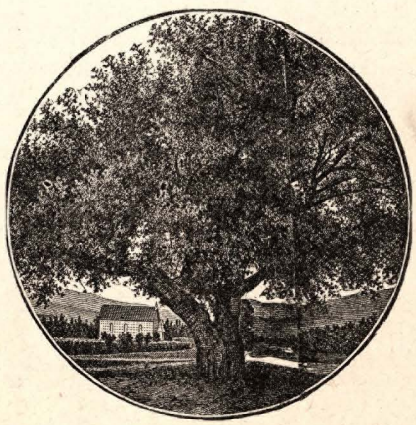
ORANGES AND LEMONS.

WE noticed in some yards orange trees in full bearing and in healthy looks fully equal to those of Riverside and Los Angeles. With care in the selection of proper soil and in locations protected from the winds as much as possible, there is nothing in the way of successfully growing both lemon and orange inside of the Tamalpais Range. Excellent lemons and oranges are produced in San Rafael, and those too by persons who have little or no knowledge of their cultivation, nor do they make a specialty of raising them.

Mr. Pixley, at Corte Madera Station, on coast railroad line to San Rafael, has gratifying success with orange trees. Those set out four years ago hang heavy with delicious fruit, of which he has sent various shipments to friends in the city. The fruit is very large.

STREET CARS.

IN a short time the new street-car line is expected to be in operation, connecting the railroad depots and principal hotels with the main part of the village. Our artist has, as directed, represented the line in operation along the main street and front of the Central Hotel. This will add largely to the appearance of San Rafael as well as convenience to its citizens and to visitors.



THE COURT HOUSE.

A VERY fine structure, complete in all its parts, and ranks favorably with any building of the kind on the coast. It was completed about seven years ago, at a cost approaching to $80,000 not including the grounds and improvements. The value of building, improvements and grounds is estimated at about one hundred thousand dollars. From its central and elevated position, it commands a splendid view of the town and surrounding localities. The grounds are highly improved, and decorated by ornamental trees and beautiful shrubbery of various kinds.

The view from the Court House is superb—mountains, valleys, hills are indeed lovely, while old Tamalpais looks down approvingly upon the scenery and the blue, quiet waters of the bay in the distance, complete a picture of peace, serenity and beauty.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE public school house is a neat and convenient building, containing four rooms, with all the modern improvements, including a good bell, and furnishes accommodations for about two hundred children. The school is in a flourishing condition, and reflects great credit upon the industry and liberality of the officers who assume the charge of it, and the zealous and efficient teachers employed. Besides the children who attend the public schools, there are many attending private schools, there being three of the latter class, and a parochial school connected with the Catholic Church having a fair attendance.

CENTRAL HOTEL.

AS its name indicates the hotel is in the central part of the town on the main business street. It offers every comfort and accommodation that can be desired. An agreeable host and model hotel keeper is found in M. C. Dufficy, of Marysville, and late of the Brooklyn Hotel, San Francisco. He has lately leased this property and by a liberal expenditure of money, together with many years' experience as a hotel proprietor, renders his house a desirable place for families seeking repose and comfort. It is supplied with gas, water and baths. It is a resort for business men and the traveling public.

ALBION HOUSE.

AS will be noticed in the illustration, the Albion is a quiet, home-like stopping place. There you can make yourself feel at home and enjoy the pleasant surroundings. The table is superior and the meals are gotten up in home style under the supervision of Mrs J. F. Jordan, the proprietress. The house is exceedingly popular, and the only regret is that its capacity is not four times as large. Charges moderate.

It is located one block from the depot on B Street, between Second and Third.

The grounds are large, magnificently shaded, and furnished with a fine bowling alley, croquet ground, shuffle board, swings, etc.

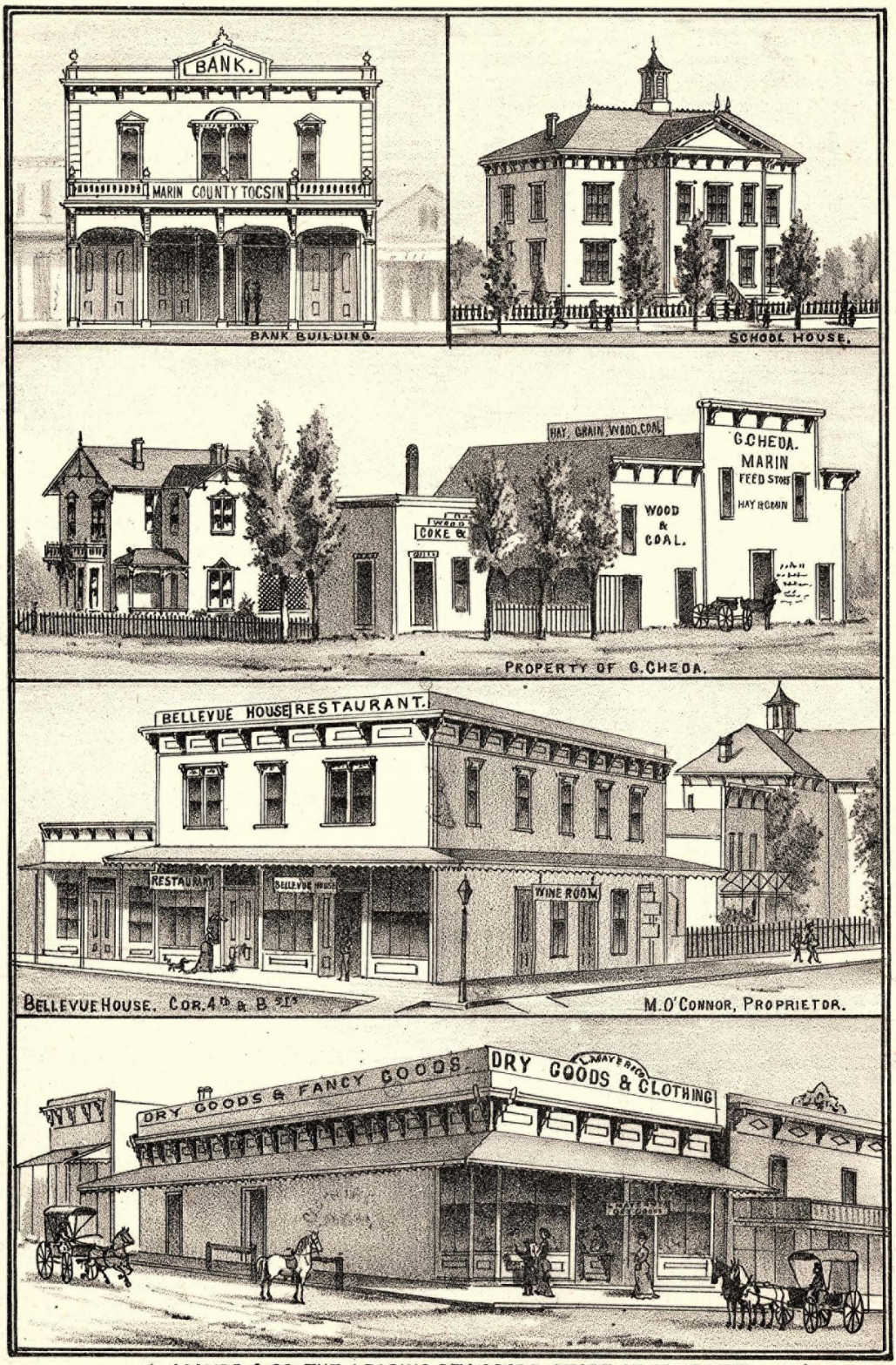
NEW ENGLAND VILLA.

A POPULAR resort for the people of San Francisco who wish a change of air and a taste of country life is the New England Villa, San Rafael.

It is the design of the proprietors to furnish their guests with comfortable surroundings, an abundant table, and ample opportunities for amusement and recreation, that an air of contentment and satisfaction may pervade the entire institution, and the inmates be made to feel "at home."

The villa is but a few moments' walk from either depot, and the cost of living is designedly so reasonable as to keep the rooms and cottages well filled at all seasons.

Tourists and others seeking a country resting-place that shall be neat, orderly, and home-like, remember the New England Villa.



L. MAYER & CO. THE LEADING DRY GOODS STORE OF SAN RAFAEL. — 4th & C St. N/E cor.

SAN RAFAEL MANUFACTURING.

There is but little manufacturing in the place. The largest business is done by the San Rafael Planing Mills, owned by Isaac Shaver, who located in San Rafael in 1864. The town was then a mere hamlet containing a hotel, livery stable, a boarding school, half a dozen saloons, and a few small cribs with a very much mixed population. Mr. Shaver built a saw-mill at the base of Mount Tamalpais, from which he supplied lumber for the town and surrounding country. A few years later a few wealthy and influential men bought lots and built homes which induced others to come and do likewise. Then commenced a new era in the little town which had hitherto been called, and very properly, "sleepy hollow." Shaver moved his saw-mill from place to place, seven times, in all within the adjoining redwood belt, until nearly all the timber in the country had been converted into lumber and put in kindling and improvements of one kind and another in the town and vicinity. The San Rafael Planing Mill, illustrated in this work, was built by the same persistent and untiring hand, from which he has turned out finished work for many State buildings, many of which are still owned by Mr. Shaver; one, the New England Villa, is among our illustrations.

S. H. KILER is another active business man who has built up a large business by his energy and perseverance. He has built many of the handsome cottages of San Rafael, and in his business, uses only the very best of material and employs skilled workmen. He has facilities to complete all jobs he undertakes in building and general carpenter work. One page of our work is devoted to illustrations of his home, office, and business.

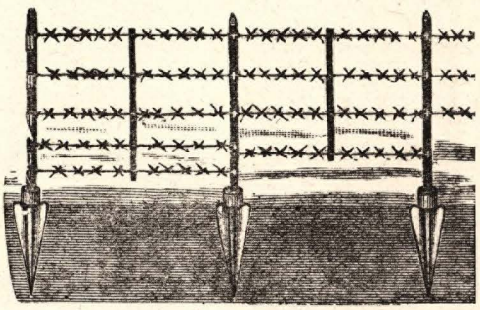
S. H. Kiler is agent for the Sun Insurance Company.

THE BELLEVUE HOUSE is another of the better class of San Rafael hotels. It is a two-story building, situated on the main street. One of our illustrations gives a good idea of the size and location of this hotel. M. O'Connor, is an old and experienced landlord.

Butler's Tubular Iron Fence.

S. H. KILER now owns and controls Butler's Tubular Iron Fence, in Marin, Sonoma, Mendocino and Humboldt Counties and is prepared to furnish ranchmen and farmers a complete wrought-iron fence cheaper than wood, and will last for years without repairs.

It does away with the necessity of digging post-holes, and being entirely iron, never can be destroyed by fire. It is more durable



than any form of wooden fence and much cheaper. Send for a circular.

SHORTS TIRE TIGHTENER is another invention owned by Mr. Kiler, and can be used by any one, by raising up the felly and placing a leather between the felly and shoulder of the spoke, taking up all slack in the wheel and making the tire as tight as if set by a blacksmith. In winter the fellies can be raised and the leather taken out and the wheel will go back to its proper place, leaving the wheel in as good condition as at first. Office on Fourth Street.

THE NEW IMPROVED WINDMILL is another valuable piece of machinery which Mr. Kiler is selling at reduced rates.

L. MAYER & Co., whose business house is illustrated in this work, keep a complete store, where the customer will find almost anything in their line, and at the lowest city rates. We always keep the latest styles, both in dry goods and clothing, whereas in gents' furnishing goods and hats we cannot be excelled by any city store. It is the most sought for, on account of the owners' efforts to please and supply the wants of the public.

FIRST HOUSE IN SAN RAFAEL.

DON TIMOTEO MURPHY was the first to build a house within the town of San Rafael. In 1845 it was occupied by Don Antonio Osio, the owner of a portion of the Point Reyes rancho, while Murphy resided in the Mission buildings. There were no other buildings than these within the present limits. The Murphy house, as it was called, stood on the site of Oliver Irwin's bank, and lasted for a long time, doing business as a Court House for many years—but more of this hereafter. The second private house, and the third building, was an addition to a structure belonging to the Mission, which occupied the northeast corner of the Court House block, and was erected by Jacob and J. O. B. Short. These buildings have all made way for others of a more substantial character.

Sidney V. Smith, W. J. Miller, W. T. Coleman, J. B. Rice, David Nye, J. D. Walker, Mr. Cook, M. J. O'Conner, Mr. Stillwell, J. K. Orr, H. F. Marsh, Charles Stevens, Oliver Irwin, Robt. Watt, Wm. Lichtenberg, John Allman, A. C. Nichols, U. M. Gorden, and others, in San Rafael may well feel proud of homes which are at once a credit to them and an ornament to the town which claims them as its energetic and worthy citizens. All these have grounds finely and artistically improved, being adorned by beautiful trees and blooming shrubbery of every description.

PRCKLY PEAR CACTUS. *(Opuntia Vulgaris.)* IN SAN RAFAEL GARDEN.

CHAS. S. BARNEY.

REAL ESTATE.

Insurance & General Commission Agt.

Journal Building.

San Rafael, - California.

HENRY SCOTT,

—DEALER IN—

HARDWARE,

CROCKERY, TINWARE,

Window Glass, Paints, Oils, Etc.

CORDON BLOCK,

Fourth Street, - - Bet. C and D,

SAN RAFAEL.

E. B. MAHON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

OFFICE:

Corner 24th St., Next West of Court House,

SAN RAFAEL, - CAL.

Practices in all the Courts of this State.

SPECIALTY, PROBATE.

G. CHEDA,

DEALER IN

Brick, Lime,
Plaster, Cement,
Hair, Sand,
Wood, Coal.

Hay, Grain, and Feed Always on Hand.

Office, Cor of A and 4th Sts., opp. Court House.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

An Engine and Mill has just been added to grind barley, corn, or any kind of horse or cow feed, and will be sold at San Francisco prices. Feed ground to order for customers.

C. GROSJEAN,

—DEALER IN—

Fancy Groceries,

WINES,

Liquors and Produce, Etc,

FOURTH ST., - Opp. Central Hotel,

SAN RAFAEL.

H. P. DONNELLY,

—PRACTICAL—

Plumber, Steam and Gasfitter,

—DEALER IN—

Gas Fixtures and Plumbers' Goods,

STOVES AND TINWARE.

METAL ROOFING AND BELL HANGING.

JOBBING of all kinds attended to.

FOURTH ST., between A and B, San Rafael.

Agent for SUNLIGHT Gas Machine. All work done in the best manner and on the most reasonable terms.

OH! OH! SAY,

THIS IS THE BEST NEWS FOR US ALL,

—WE CAN GET AT—

OUR CIGAR STORE,

THE BEST IMPORTED

Cigars and Tobacco.

TRY THEM AND BE CONVINCED.

Don't forget the place, 4th St., bet. B and C.

HASKELL & CO.

Groceries, Hardware,

CROCKERYWARE,

And House Furnishing Goods.

COR. 4TH AND B STS.,

Next to Post-office, - - San Rafael.

Wholesale or Retail at City Prices.

JOHN WOLFE.

DRUGGIST.

SAN RAFAEL

CALIFORNIA.

W. N. ANDERSON,

—DEALER IN—

General Marketing,

—AND—

Fine Groceries.

COR. B AND THIRD STS.,

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

NIAGARA SALOON,

Fourth Street,

BETWEEN B AND C,

SAN RAFAEL.

JOE HOXIE,

PROPRIETOR.

D. F. KELLY,

PRACTICAL

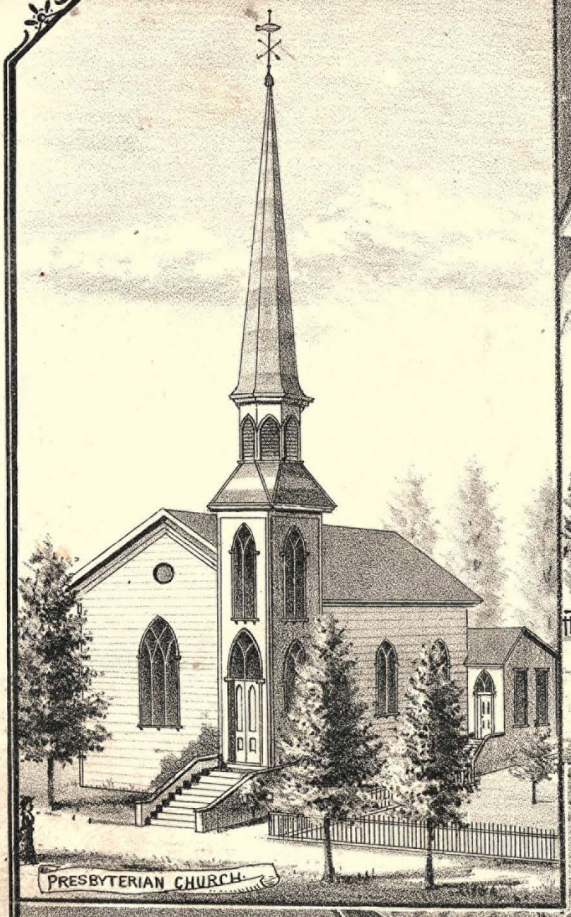
PLUMBER AND GASFITTER,

FOURTH STREET,

Next Door to Central Hotel.

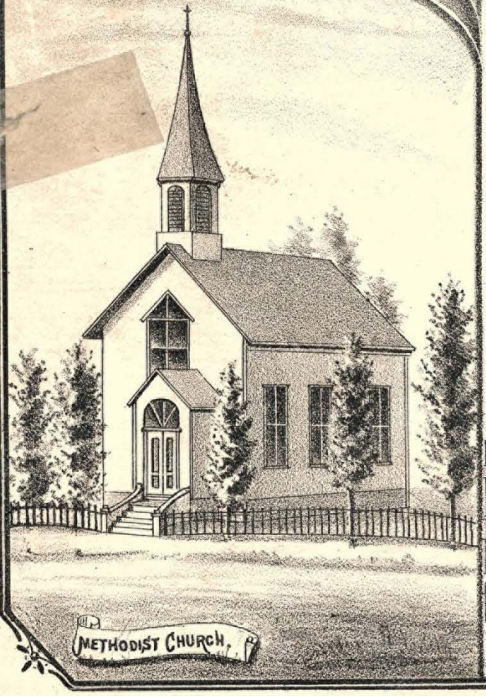
All work dispatched with promptness, satisfaction guaranteed, and charges reasonable.

The Churches of San Rafael.



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

EPISCOPAL-CHURCH



METHODIST CHURCH.

CATHOLIC CHURCH

Schneider's Got 'Em.

——IMPORTED CIGARS,——

TOILET ARTICLES, POCKET CUTLERY,

GUITAR AND VIOLIN STRINGS,

PLAYING CARDS, SMOKERS' ARTICLES,

STATIONERY,

UMBRELLAS, CANES,

AND

BEST BARBER SHOP IN TOWN.

R. KINSELLA & CO.,

PRACTICAL

PLUMBERS and GASFITTERS,

——AND DEALERS IN——

STOVES AND TINWARE.

B STREET, BET. THIRD AND FOURTH.

SAUNDERS & JACOBS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

SHEET IRON WARE.

PLUMBERS and GASFITTERS.

Dealers in Stoves, Pumps, Lead and Iron Pipe, Etc.

MAHON HOUSE BUILDING, FOURTH ST.

JOSEPH A. HARDING,

Horseshoer, Wagonmaker.

GENERAL BLACKSMITHING.

SCIENTIFIC HORSESHOE WORK
Made a Specialty.

Second St., Bet. A and B Sts., San Rafael.

THOS. HANSEN. E. C. LUND.

HANSEN & LUND,

Dealers in all kinds of

LUMBER, WINDOWS, DOORS, BLINDS,

Sewer Pipe, Hardware,

Lime, Plaster, Cement,

PACIFIC RUBBER PAINT.
OILS AND LEADS.

And everything in the building line. Contracts taken at lowest figures. Office and Yard near N. P. C. R. R., San Rafael.

BAY VIEW

LIVERY AND SALE STABLES,

C STREET, SAN RAFAEL.

Saddle Horses,
Carriages,
And Buggies

Furnished at short notice and on reasonable terms.

MICHAEL MURRAY, Prop'r.

C. P. WARE,

—DEALER IN—

Men's, Youths' & Boys' Clothing,

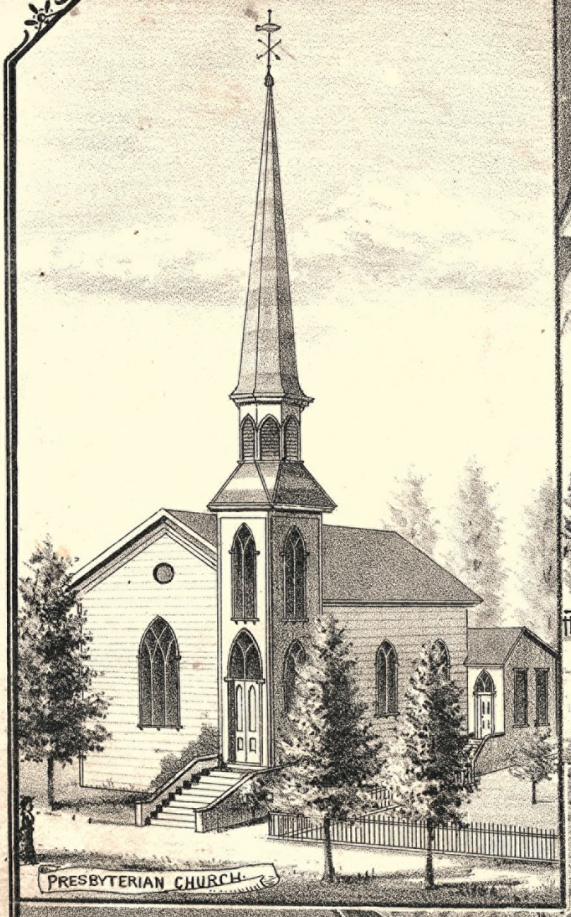
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

HATS and CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

TERMS, CASH.

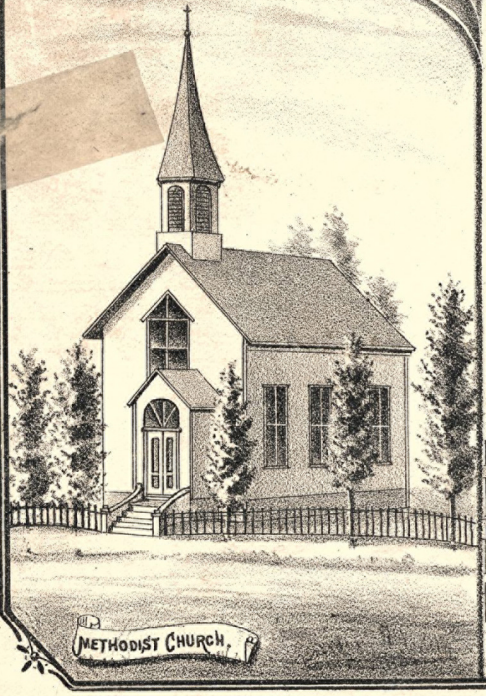
FOURTH ST., - - NEAR C.

The Churches of San Rafael.



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

EPISCOPAL-CHURCH



METHODIST CHURCH.

CATHOLIC CHURCH